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62D CONGRESS, 3d Session | HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES | DOCUMENT No. 1483

WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER

(Late a Representative from Michigan)

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

DELIVERED IN THE
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND THE SENATE
OF THE UNITED STATES

SIXTY-SECOND CONGRESS

Proceedings in the House
February 16, 1913

Proceedings in the Senate
February 22, 1913

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HON. WILLIAM W. WILLAMETTE

DEATH OF HON. WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

FRIDAY, *January 3, 1913.*

The House met at 12 o'clock noon.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Help us, O God, our Father, to realize that we are Thine, that nothing in life or death can separate us from Thee. It is Thou who hast made us and not we ourselves. Death comes all unbidden and touches the deeps of our hearts. Comfort, we beseech Thee, the families connected with this body into which the angel of death has so recently come, that they may look forward into the bright beyond without doubt or fear.

Be with the family of the Member who is sorely afflicted; restore him, we pray Thee, to health and strength that he may pursue the useful walks of life. Keep us all and our dear ones close to Thee in the faith and hope of Thy ruling and overruling Providence. In the spirit of the Lord Christ. Amen.

Mr. HAMILTON of Michigan. Mr. Speaker, information has just been received, through the War Department, of the death of Hon. WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER by drowning. Mr. WEDEMEYER was returning from the Canal Zone. Some time later I shall ask the House to set a time for paying tribute to the life, character, and public services of the deceased. Meanwhile I offer the following resolutions, which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 763

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER, late a Representative from the State of Michigan.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate this resolution to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were agreed to.

Mr. MACON. Mr. Speaker, I move the adoption of the resolution which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 764

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Senator Jeff Davis and Representative WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER the House do now adjourn.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to; accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 27 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until tomorrow, Saturday, January 4, 1913, at 12 o'clock noon.

SATURDAY, *January 11, 1913.*

Mr. HAMILTON of Michigan. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the present consideration of the resolution which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 772

Resolved, That a committee of 15 Members of the House, with such Members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend memorial services for Hon. WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER, late a Representative from the State of Michigan, to be held at Ann Arbor, Mich.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of this resolution, and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the present consideration of the resolution?

There was no objection.

The resolution was agreed to.

Mr. HAMILTON of Michigan. Now, Mr. Speaker, I send the following order to the Clerk's desk and ask for its immediate consideration.

The Clerk read as follows:

Ordered, That Sunday, the 16th day of February, 1913, at 12 o'clock, be set apart for addresses on the life, character, and public services of Hon. WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER, late a Representative from the State of Michigan.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the present consideration of the order? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none.

The order was agreed to.

THURSDAY, *January 23, 1913.*

The SPEAKER laid before the House the names of the committee to attend the funeral exercises on Mr. WEDEMEYER, of Michigan.

The Clerk read as follows:

Mr. Doremus, Mr. J. M. C. Smith, Mr. Hamilton of Michigan, Mr. Sweet, Mr. Samuel W. Smith, Mr. McMorran, Mr. Fordney, Mr. McLaughlin, Mr. Loud, Mr. Dodds, Mr. Kendall, Mr. Willis, Mr. Foster, Mr. Hammond, and Mr. Sharp.

SUNDAY, *February 16, 1913.*

The House met at 12 o'clock noon, and was called to order by Mr. Doremus as Speaker pro tempore.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Our God and our Father, our life and our hope, for in Thy keeping is the destiny of men. We gather here today in memory of men who by dint of industry and faithful service proved themselves worthy of the confidence reposed in them, and have passed on to the reward of the faithful. It is well thus to commemorate their service and record their history as an example to those who shall follow them. Strengthen our faith, encourage our hope, and inspire us to noble endeavors, that we may merit the confidence of our fellow men and Thy loving-kindness. Help us and their dear ones to say in all faith, Thy will be done.

So long Thy power has blest us, sure it still
Will lead us on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which we have loved long since, and lost awhile.

In the spirit of Him who brought to light life and immortality. Amen.

The Clerk began the reading of the Journal of the proceedings of yesterday.

Mr. HAMILTON of Michigan. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the reading of the Journal be dispensed with.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will report the first special order of the day.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. Hamilton, of Michigan, by unanimous consent,

Ordered, That Sunday, February 16, 1913, at 12 o'clock m., be set apart for addresses upon the life, character, and public services of Hon. WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER, late a Representative from the State of Michigan.

Mr. HAMILTON of Michigan. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolution.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will report the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 840

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER, late a Member of the House from the State of Michigan.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his distinguished public career, the House, at the conclusion of the memorial exercises of the day, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was agreed to.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Address of Mr. Dodds, of Michigan

Mr. Speaker: We are here at this time to pay a last tribute of respect to our late friend and colleague, William Walter Wedemeyer. It is a sad and solemn duty for us all, but for those of us who are from Michigan, his home State, it is especially so. We knew him so well and were so thoroughly interested in him and in his future that his untimely death means much to us indeed. Had we been asked, when we assembled here at the beginning of the present session, to prophesy as to the one of us who would be first called upon to lay down the burdens of earthly life and pass over to the great beyond, I am sure that none would have named or had in mind the brother who has actually been taken from us. The youngest of us all; a giant in strength and, seemingly, in power to endure; with conditions about him apparently the most pleasing and self-satisfying, surely "Wedie," as we were wont to call him, would have been the last one in our thoughts. But half of his life—as lives do go—was gone; and we were of a mind that years and years were yet to come to him in which, as in the past, his life would tell for good. But what we least expect most often comes; and now he is no more. "The bubble which seemed to have so much solidity has burst, and we again see that all below the sun is vanity."

Mr. Wedemeyer obtained his education in the University of Michigan, where he completed both the literary and the law courses, being well equipped when he left it

for the vocation in life in which he was to engage—the practice of the law.

My acquaintance with him began some 16 years ago, when he was but 23 years of age. This was during the first McKinley campaign, in the results of which he was much interested, and always after we were earnest friends. To know him was to become interested in him. It could easily be seen that he was one of those to whom the many talents had been given, and consequently much was expected of him in return. He seemed to know this, and "expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself." There was, therefore, much of realization as well as promise in the life so unexpectedly ended. Deputy railroad commissioner of his State before reaching the age of 25 years, consul to Georgetown, British Guiana, soon afterwards, and a Member of this great legislative body before reaching the age of 38 years mark him as a man in whom the people had much confidence. Also, besides his other professional work at the time of his death, and besides his work as a Member of Congress, he was national counselor for the American Insurance Union, a position of much responsibility.

Those who really knew the esteemed brother whose loss we mourn know that he was no ordinary man. In all that goes to make the manly man—intelligence, morality, kindliness of heart—he was the peer of any.

In politics he was a stanch Republican. Though always for progression, he was for progression within his party.

He never pretended to be what he was not, but was always sincere, true, and natural.

He was an honest man in thought, in purpose, and in deed, and sham and falsehood were by him abhorred.

He was of a cheerful disposition and in a remarkable degree possessed the power to impart that cheerfulness to others.

His work as a speaker in the McKinley campaign, before referred to, first brought him into prominence as a State orator and ranked him as such among our very best. Wherever he spoke he was admired both for what he said and how he said it, and he invariably left his hearers with a desire to hear more. Well informed, clear in speech, logical and eloquent, and with a most attractive personality, he had a singular power over the minds of men, and thus he grew in favor.

He was a candidate for Congress in his district in the year 1898 and again in the year 1902, and each time lacked but a few votes of the number necessary to secure for him the desired nomination, the election after nomination being regarded as certain.

At the primary election held in 1910 he secured this nomination, and his election followed. That his service here was for so brief a period is greatly to be regretted. His fitness for the work was exceptional, and his life here would have continued to be a life of usefulness and one that would have brought him high distinction. But—

Again a prince has fallen in the fight—
The val'rous champion of the truth and right;
Determined, honest, level-headed, just,
Who broke no promise nor betrayed a trust!
His genial face with courtly kindness beamed—
By friends beloved, by all mankind esteemed.
Peace to his manly soul and sweetest rest
With that glad throng whom love of God has blest!

Address of Mr. Willis, of Ohio

Mr. Speaker: I can scarcely make it seem possible that our friend has gone away. I suppose I was associated with Mr. Wedemeyer as intimately as any Member of this House. Not a day passed but what he was in my office or I was in his office. Not many votes were cast by either of us while he was here without our consulting together, and we have all become so accustomed to his presence amongst us that we can scarcely realize that he has gone away.

In the few minutes that I speak I shall undertake something that perhaps is unusual, perhaps out of place, but it seems to me there is no better way of judging of a man than by knowing something of his thoughts and something of the books that he reads. It has been written, "As a man thinketh, so is he." Some one has said, "If you will show me what you read I will tell you what you are."

It will be forever a fond recollection to me that many hours were spent by me with this strong, heroic soul in the reading of things that he liked and that I liked; and I am reminded just now of a little poem that he recited to me many and many a time, from the pen of James Whitcomb Riley, an old familiar poem, perhaps, which yet expresses the thought I have in mind just now. I can hear Mr. Wedemeyer's voice as he read this to me the first time:

I can not say and I will not say
That he is dead. He is just away!
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land.

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.
And you—oh, you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return—
Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of there as the love of here;
* * * * *
Think of him still as the same, I say;
He is not dead—he is just away!

He read and recited that to me many times. It expresses the thought I have at this moment. I think I shall never be able to realize that Mr. WEDEMEYER has done other than simply "gone away." His life became so mingled with my life that the fond recollection of it shall remain with me through time and eternity.

My acquaintance with Mr. WEDEMEYER did not extend over so many years. I met him first, I think, in the winter of 1908, although before that time he was well known in our State as a campaign orator and as a lecturer. I think it was in the winter of 1908 that he came to Kenton, the county seat of Hardin County, in which I live, to address a great banquet of the Young Men's Republican Club. I became intimately acquainted with him from the beginning. I remember, after the banquet was over and the crowd had dispersed, that I went up to his room, and the great, big, jolly fellow sat down and we talked of our families, talked of politics, talked of our hopes, ambitions, and disappointments, and talked somewhat of literature.

I remember that he inquired of me if I had ever read a little selection which he proceeded to recite with tremendous effect and deep pathos. I read it now because it expresses Mr. WEDEMEYER'S philosophy of life. He would not have us wrapped in deep sorrow; that was not his way of looking at things. He believed in taking things as they are and making the best of them and

doing what we can for people while they are on earth. I remember in our interchange of thought upon this subject I recited to him this little stanza, which seemed to meet with his approval, and which I have since heard him recite many times:

A rose to the living is more
  Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead;
In filling love's infinite store,
A rose to the living is more
If graciously given before
  The hungering spirit has fled—
A rose to the living is more
  Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.

It expresses less beautifully and completely the same thought as is expressed in the selection he quoted:

Closed eyes can't see the white roses;
  Cold hands can't hold them, you know;
Breath that is stilled can not gather
  The odors that sweet from them blow.
Death with a peace beyond dreaming
  Its children of earth doth endow.
Life is the time we can help them,
  So give them the flowers now!

Here are the struggles and striving,
  Here are the cares and the tears;
Now is the time to be smoothing
  The frowns and the furrows and fears.
What to closed eyes are kind sayings?
  What to hushed heart is deep vow?
Naught can avail after parting,
  So give them the flowers now!

Just a kind word or a greeting;
  Just a warm grasp or a smile—
These are the flowers that will lighten
  The burdens for many a mile.
After the journey is over
  What is the use of them; how
Can they carry them who must be carried?
  Oh, give them the flowers now!

That was Mr. WEDEMEYER's philosophy of life—to do good every day, to make somebody happy, to lift a burden here, to cheer some one with a glad jest or a happy smile or a generous deed.

I may not speak at length of his services here in this body, and yet what little I shall say comes from the heart, because I think I knew pretty nearly what his positions were upon public questions, because, as I have said, we talked over most of the things that we would have occasion to act upon. I simply refer, in passing, to one or two of his speeches which I think were great speeches.

Mr. Speaker, I have heard many splendid orators, but I have heard few men that had more power with a great audience than WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER. There was a magnetism of personality, there was a charm of persuasion of voice, there was a cogency of reasoning, of sound logic that marked the great orator. As I have suggested before, in Ohio he was well known, and whenever it was announced that WEDEMEYER, of Michigan, was to address a meeting, the crowd was limited only by the capacity of the hall.

That reputation which he had made as an orator, almost nation wide in its extent, was fully sustained by his services here. As I recall the first speech that he made in the House, it was a speech relative to the investigations that had been had concerning matters in the State Department. I know that Mr. WEDEMEYER with his accustomed energy and attention to detail had spent days and nights and weeks in going into every detail of that case, and his heart was in it. While there was difference of opinion here in the House relative to the merits of the controversy, Mr. WEDEMEYER felt that certain officials of the State Department had been wrongly accused. He threw all the weight of his mighty soul into the fight and made a great

speech, which all will remember who were fortunate enough to hear it.

He was very active in the discussion that resulted ultimately in the admission of Arizona and New Mexico as States into the Union, and I think I violate no rules as to secrecy relative to the proceedings in the committee when I say that no man on the Committee on the Territories, with the possible exception of the chairman, did as much to bring Arizona and New Mexico into the Union as did Mr. WEDEMEYER. Constant in his attendance upon the sessions of the committee, studying all the details, familiarizing himself with the arguments, he was a power in favor of the admission of those two new States. But the thing in which he took the greatest delight was that group of questions that we call the Alaska questions. Mr. WEDEMEYER was thoroughly familiar with the situation in Alaska. He had visited the place, had talked with the people, face to face; he had studied the question at first hand, and he was enthusiastic in his belief as to the possibilities for the future in that great undeveloped empire. If Members were not fortunate enough to be in the House the day he made his speech on the Alaska government bill, I dare say they would be well repaid if they would hunt out the speech and read it now. It was a mighty effort, and it shows Mr. WEDEMEYER's breadth of view, his strong grasp of public questions.

It is not necessary to call the attention of Members here to the fact, because we all know it. But one thing that I wish to call particular attention to and make a part of this solemn record that we are making up as to his services is his devotion to his duties. I have never seen in any legislative body a man who gave more careful, constant attention to the public business than did Mr. WEDEMEYER, even when he was called away, as he was very infrequently. When he had to be out of the city, through his

capable and efficient secretary, or through some of his friends in the House, he kept in constant touch with the public business. He knew exactly what was going on, and always left instructions, if anything important came up, to wire him and he would be here, no matter what the cost. He gave constant attention to his work. We have seen him sitting at his desk here, through the long day, always at work—always at work in the interest of the people, in the interest of his constituents. I have left my office many a time at 10 or 11 o'clock at night, and going by Mr. Wedemeyer's office would find him at work, studying some public question. I dare say, Mr. Speaker, there has never been a man who served in this House who gave his life more completely to the service of the people who elected him than did Mr. Wedemeyer.

I have a little memento here to which I shall only refer. I have shown it to some of the Members of the Michigan delegation. It is just a little note illustrative of Mr. Wedemeyer's intense devotion to his people and of his extreme care as to details. He gave it to me on the eve of his departure from this city forever, saying, as he went away, that it was possible a certain bill in which his people were vitally interested might come up while he would be away. He did not think it would. He thought he would be back before the bill would be considered, but he handed me this written memorandum, requesting me to attend to the matter if the bill came up. I shall keep this memorandum until his son is old enough to understand what it means, and then I shall give it to George as a token of the attention of his father to the public business, his absolutely unflagging devotion to the interests of the people who elected him.

Another thing to which I wish to refer in passing is the profound interest which Mr. Wedemeyer had in the Latin-American countries. Those of you who were fortu-

nate in having an intimate acquaintance with him know that he had studied that situation and that great question thoroughly. As you are aware, for a time he was United States consul to a South American country, and was entirely familiar with that group of questions connected with the Latin-American situation.

Not only that, but Mr. WEDEMEYER studied and understood world politics. As you know, he was of German descent. He spoke the German language as fluently as he spoke English. He had traveled a great deal. He was perfectly familiar with Germany, with Austria, with France, as I have stated before, with Alaska, with Central America, with Mexico, and with South America. He understood the great problems of world politics, and he had a grasp of those problems not possessed by many men of his time.

I should like to speak a word of his personal characteristics. The one I think of first was his intense, unyielding, absolutely profound patriotism, in the widest and deepest and best sense. As his colleague, the gentleman from Michigan [Mr. Dodds], has said, Mr. WEDEMEYER was truly progressive in every thought, in every act. His sympathy was with humanity. He was for the things that benefited the great mass of the people, and it was perfectly natural that it should be so, because he came from the ranks of the common people. By his illustrious living he has given an example to the youth of his State of the possibilities of citizenship in this great Republic.

Mr. WEDEMEYER made himself what he was. He worked his own way through high school, college, and university. His sympathies were with the common people. How often have I discussed with him, how often have I heard his eloquent voice ring out in behalf of the folks back on the farm, the folks who live in the little villages. He neither knew nor cared much about the requirements of

high society or about the blandishments of wealth; but that great, strong, patriotic soul did know to its depths the life of the common people, and there never was a thought, there never was an act, while he was a Member of this House, that was not in the interest of true progress in absolutely the best sense.

I have said he was patriotic. Perhaps, carrying out the thought I suggested at the beginning, I can best illustrate that by reading another selection, from the pen of Moses Owen, which he frequently read to me from this very book. It is one from which he frequently read. Here are a couple of stanzas that I have heard him recite with tremendous, soul-stirring power. They tell the story of the battle flags in the State capitol at Augusta, Me.:

Nothing but flags, but simple flags,
Tattered and torn and hanging in rags;
And we walk beneath them with careless tread,
Nor think of the hosts of the mighty dead
That have marched beneath them in days gone by,
With a burning cheek and a kindling eye,
And have bathed their folds with their life's young tide,
And dying, blessed them, and blessing, died.

Nothing but flags; yet, methinks, at night
They tell each other their tale of fight;
And dim specters come, and their thin arms twine
Round each standard torn, as they stand in line,
As the word is given—they charge, they form,
And the dim hall rings with the battle's storm;
And once again, through smoke and strife,
These colors lead to a nation's life.

Mr. WEDEMEYER was intensely patriotic, and he was never happier than when he was doing something for an old soldier—getting some adjustment made in his pension papers or something of that kind. He was the true friend of him who bore the burden of battle and of his widow

and his orphans. Another characteristic was his love for home, for wife and children—his firm grounding in those things which in the life of this Republic or in the life of any nation are absolutely fundamental. This man proudly wore the stainless flower of his unsullied manhood. There was never a word nor a thought nor an act but what was in harmony with the highest devotion to the responsibilities and sacredness of his home.

How often have we seen him coming here, or into our offices, all aglow, his face wreathed in smiles; he would pull out of his pocket a letter scrawled in those unintelligible lines that only the baby fingers know how to make; unintelligible to others, and yet he seemed to understand them all. Here was an undecipherable message from little Josephine, or here was a loving note from Mary, or here was a letter from George, telling of some of his experiences in school. Mr. WEDEMEYER carried those letters around, doted upon them, read them to his friends. He believed, I say, in those things that are finest and sweetest and most permanent and enduring in this life.

He was a man that thought an almost infinite amount of wife and children. His devotion to them was without flaw or blemish. Perhaps that quality of his character could be illustrated again by something in literature. I remember well the circumstance under which he called my attention to this that I am about to read. I had never seen it before. He had invited me to dinner at his hotel, and after dinner he invited me up to his room to read me something. I went with him and he read this from McCants. It was the way Mr. WEDEMEYER spent the odd moments, in reading things like this. I am reading these paragraphs, Mr. Speaker, because I think they show the character of the man in whose honor we have met to-day. A man who puts in his time reading this kind of literature and thinking this kind of thoughts is not likely to

go far wrong. "WEDIE," as we loved to call him, was tender and sympathetic and home-loving. He understood that the family life was the enduring foundation of the Nation. Sad, sweet paragraphs like these I am about to read appealed to him, and as he read them to me in voice eloquently rich I was deeply moved:

A little winding railway in a southern county connects two widely parallel systems known as the C. & G. The trains are small and meek when compared with the long aggregations of cars with which they connect at G.

But to the old man who sat to-day in one of the cramped, uncomfortable coaches defects were not apparent. For 40 years little cars like these had passed his door. Along this same road he and Mary had taken their wedding trip. How proud he was of her when they returned, and he had taken her home, where his father and his father's father had lived before him. There they had lived and labored together, going on Saturdays to the village and on Sundays to the little church, and there Tom had been born.

It seemed hard to realize that all this was long ago, for so much had happened since then. No lusty boy would come rushing to meet him to-day; the rocking chair where she used to sit would be very still. The old man choked a little and wiped his eyes with his cotton handkerchief.

He had not known what all this meant to him until he had left it. He had been lonely, and Tom had persuaded him to go live with him. But it was all so strange in this new place, so little like he had pictured it. He said nothing. They were kind to him and he must not seem ungrateful. He would not admit, even to himself, that he wished to go back, but he grew so silent, white, and still that his son watching his wistful face was touched.

"Father," said he, "am I not your son? Tell me." And the old man answered humbly, "Tom, I am old and getting childish, but I want to go back. I've never lived anywhere else before and—and she's there, Tom."

So to-day he was going home; back to the hills and trees; back to his old house and graves; back where she had left him to wait until she had called him; and the journey was almost done.

The sunshine crept across the car and the noise of voices grew lower and lower. Somehow it was evening and he was coming home down the long lanes between the fields. Over the hills came the tinkle of bells as the cattle came home to the milking; here, running to meet him, was little Tom, the red stains of berries still marking his face and fingers; and there by the gate, the lovelight as strong in her eyes as on the day they were married, stood Mary, the wife of his youth.

"I am late," he said, "and tired."

"Come," she said, "you can rest now; it is only a step more." And—a long, quavering sigh of relief—and—he was at home. The little rough train went jolting along and reached his station at last. But when the conductor shook him he did not answer.

On another occasion when I was with Mr. WEDEMEYER in his room he read these fugitive lines from some author whose name I have forgotten:

The poem was Eugene Field's Little Boy Blue, and at the very first lines of it the old lady became all attention:

"The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch it stands;
And the little tin soldier is covered with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands."

Very slowly, as she read on, the tears came into her eyes and dimmed the spectacles so that she could scarcely see the lines of the second verse:

"'Now, don't you go till I come,' he said,
'And don't you make any noise!'
Then, toddling off to his trundle bed,
He dreamed of his pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our little boy.
Oh, the years are many"—

Yes; they are many! It was more than half a century ago now. The paper dropped from the old lady's hand and rustled to the floor. There was no use in trying to read any more, for her thought had flown away now to the time when she had had just such a Little Boy Blue as that. Since then she had had lots of

other children. Even now, as she sat there in the twilight, she could hear the shouts of her grandchildren at play not far away, but little Geordie had been her first-born, and somehow the others were different, and nobody knew just how but herself. She had daughters to console her in her widowhood, and when her married daughter had died her children had been left. But with little Geordie it was different. They only knew of him by the little headstone in the graveyard; but to her—why, after reading that little poem it seemed as though it were only yesterday that he was toddling along beside her, rosy and bright and full of fun. And he used to say just those things—she remembered.

"Why, mother," said her daughter as she came in, "you've been crying! What's the matter?"

"It was nothing, dear," answered the old lady as she wiped her eyes. "I was reading, you know, and it upset me a little. It was only a bit of newspaper verse."

Mr. Speaker, I believe what I said in the beginning, that if you know what a man reads and thinks you know what he is. This man in this great city, with all its attractions, amusements, entertainments, allurements, and blandishments, in the odd moments of his time read this kind of literature. He believed in the home and the things associated with it that are the finest and tenderest and fairest.

Another thing I should call attention to was his unfailing friendliness and sympathy. Mr. WEDEMEYER knew every Member in this House before he had been here two weeks. He made friends; he could not help it. The expression of his countenance was a benediction; you all knew him, and you knew him before he had been here many days. He was friendly with everybody, and he took an interest in the things in which his friends were interested. I can bear testimony to that through the many conversations that we had. The contest in which I was engaged, my chances for reelection, appeared to interest him even more than his own affairs. WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER was one of the most unselfish men I have known in public life.

Another characteristic was his unfailing good humor, his ability to see the funny side of things. It was like a burst of sunshine when he came to my room, always with a smile, and he could tell a funny story, not a vulgar story. I knew the man intimately for more than four years—and I think I was close to him; I am sure he was close to me—and in all the hours of our conversation here and elsewhere I never heard him tell a story that could not be told in the most polite company.

But, as I say, he saw the funny side, and he was a splendid story-teller. One moment he would have an audience convulsed with laughter; the next sobered with his sound logic and beautiful diction. That was one of the qualities of his character that it seemed to me stood out prominently.

Another was his courage. There come occasions in this House, Mr. Speaker, as we perfectly well know, there come votes which it would be convenient to avoid. These same things came to him, but there was nothing of the shirk about him; he always stayed here and did his duty; he never dodged a vote; he never evaded a responsibility. He was a man of courage, a man of the highest moral character, a man of the most abstemious habits, never under any circumstances using intoxicating liquors or tobacco in any form, and a man of absolutely unflinching honesty; honest with himself, honest with his fellow man, honest with his country, he typified all that is best in American life.

On another occasion Mr. WEDEMEYER invited me to come to his room. I accompanied him, as I had done many times before. He said, "I have found something else I want to read to you. It expresses a profound philosophy and my own belief." Then he read these words. It is a statement made by Victor Hugo on the question as to

whether we shall live again. Here is what Mr. WEDEMEYER read to me:

I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses as at 20 years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale and it is history.

For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, and song, I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say like many others, "I have finished my day's work." But I can not say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight; it opens on the dawn.

That was Mr. WEDEMEYER'S belief. There is one other selection that he read to me, or rather recited, because he was familiar with it, that expresses the same thought. He recited these verses with great depth of feeling:

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

I last saw Mr. WEDEMEYER the night he left this city, just before the holidays. We ate the evening meal together, and the conversation was cheerful and pleasant. He was happy in the thought that he was soon to be at home with wife and children, and the main topic of conversation as we sat together was the family, the wife, the little children. There was somewhat of conversation concerning the trip he was proposing to make to the Isthmus. He was collecting some information for an address he expected to make in the House on the Latin-American situation and the Isthmian Canal. We had a very pleasant hour together, and I bade him good-by yonder at the gate at the Union Station. With a wave of his hand he went away. That was the last time I saw my friend.

Worn with the worry and trial of a fierce political contest, he sought a season of rest in the Latin-American countries he loved so well. But it was not so to be. The strong bow had been bent to breaking. He was given every attention at the hands of loving colleagues with him, but the spirit was broken and the body weak. As at the eventide he paced the deck and gazed upon the tropic seas and looked up into the beautiful, mysterious, starlit southern skies, the fugitive thoughts of his fevered brain were of home and wife and children and how they might best be provided for. Let us believe that as he looked into the skies he read in the unspoken language of the

stars a mystic meaning which only the parting soul ready to meet its Maker may know. Then in a moment the weary soul was at rest, and our friend, ready and without a tremor, met his Pilot face to face—that same good Pilot who said:

I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.

Address of Mr. Foster, of Illinois

Mr. Speaker: When the word came that Mr. Wedemeyer was dead every Member of the House was shocked. The people of the district he represented were appalled at the sad ending of this distinguished man. His service here was not of long duration, but short as it was he proved himself to be a valuable Member. He was always attentive to his public duties, endeavoring always to so act that he might give that honest service to the people he so well represented and to the country at large. His speeches in the House showed that he thoroughly studied the questions he discussed, and were always of a high order, giving real information to the Members on this floor. His beginning in life was an humble one. His parents were of that honest, industrious German nationality. When young he learned that in this life what was worth having must be gotten only by hard work, and he did not desire anything unless it came to him in an honest way. As a young man he set out to secure an education that he might be fitted in life so as to have an equal chance with others. He studied law, and began the practice of his chosen profession in his native city, and always kept in mind the lesson taught by the law that justice should be accorded to all men, whatever their station in life might be, and advocated the principle of equal justice to all. His actions were always open and fair. He detested deceit, and had no patience with those who would practice it. Kind and courteous at all times and tolerant of the difference in opinion with those with whom he came in contact, he tried in a kindly way to show by argument that his views were right. He did not frequently take part

in debate, but his speeches on the admission of the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico into the Union as States and the bill to give a Territorial form of government to Alaska showed that he was master of his subject and that he was a firm believer in the right of the people to rule and govern themselves, and not that a few should say how the great majority should be controlled. It was my fortune to attend the memorial exercises held at Ann Arbor on the 26th day of last January, and it seemed to me there was universal mourning over the death of this good man, and those in all walks in life came out to the service to do honor to his memory. It is unfortunate that one so young and who could be so useful in life should be taken away so early, yet to Him above must we look for a reason of it all, which we can not now understand. To his bereaved wife and children we can offer but little in the way of consolation, but can only point to the life beyond the grave, which we have faith that he now enjoys.

If we believed that death ends all, then, indeed, would the going away of one of our friends be sad; but we believe that "in our Father's house are many mansions and that He goeth to prepare a place for us." This life at best is not long, yet there are those who accomplish much in the short time they stay here. Our departed colleague performed his part well. God in His fullness of love, I have no doubt, has taken his spirit to Himself and he is now at rest in that place where neither sorrow nor death ever comes. Let us remember it is not always the best to say of those who are gone that they lived long in the world, but better to say they lived well. We think of our friends when they die that they are gone forever, but they have only gone a little while before us and we will soon follow. May it be said of us we lived faithful to the duty imposed on us. We kept the faith and made a good fight. It does not matter so much to us how we die, but it is of

great concern to us all how we live. Sometimes we are apt to wonder why it is that our friends should be taken away when it seems they have so much to live for and there seems to be so much for them to do. But God moves in a mysterious way—and yet let us not forget we live in a natural world, subject to all the trials and troubles of mind and body. Of all the monuments in the beautiful Arlington there are none more fully signifying service and what one can do and how little it matters to our bodies after we are gone than the one erected to those whose bones were gathered on the battle field and were unidentified. Yet they performed their part in the world and went down to death for the cause in which they believed. Though their names are unknown here, yet I have no doubt their good deeds are recorded above. This should teach us the lesson that it matters but little to us after we are gone whether we have the finest of marble shafts erected to our memory or are buried in an unknown grave, but that our friends may have the consolation that we did our part in the world while we lived. Our colleague lived a good, honorable, and useful life. His private life was clean and above reproach. In his family he was a kind husband and a loving father. WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER is not dead—he has just gone before. He is waiting on the other side of the river of death. Some day in the bright sunshine of the morning we shall see him.

Address of Mr. McMorran, of Michigan

Mr. Speaker: One of the sad events of my 10 years in public life occurs to-day, when I feel called upon to pay tribute to one of the youngest Members of our Michigan delegation, William W. Wedemeyer, who succeeded our Hon. Charles E. Townsend on his election to the Senate, and I think the sentiment of the entire Michigan delegation was that Mr. Wedemeyer was a worthy successor to Mr. Townsend, and that the second district of Michigan had every reason to be proud of him as his successor.

When he came upon the floor of the House, with his splendid physique, his commanding position, and his genial manner, he won laurels with all those with whom he came in contact, and every Member in speaking of Wedemeyer spoke of him in the highest terms and as a young man who would make his mark in the House. He was appointed on some of the most important committees in the House, especially the Committee on Territories, and to him and his associates of that committee were committed the duty of perfecting legislation for Alaska, and his report upon that subject was of a brilliant character and demonstrated to his colleagues that he had made his mark as a legislator. His arguments were forcible and clear in behalf of legislation for that Territory.

William W. Wedemeyer was a fair illustration of the opportunities offered to young men with perseverance and ability in this great Republic. In his early manhood it is said of him that he worked his own way through the high school and also through the University of Michigan. In Michigan he was looked upon as one of the coming men of our State.

He had a great reputation as a public speaker and was in great demand. As a campaigner he was not excelled by any of the Michigan men. He also had a great ambition to represent his district in Congress, and when he was elected with a large majority, I think no young man ever felt more proud of his promotion than did WEDEMEYER.

In talking with him just before the campaign of 1912 I saw that he felt somewhat uneasy and was quite nervous over the possible results of the election. He said to me on different occasions that he felt that his district was largely "progressive," and just what the outcome would be he was unable to say. He felt ambitious to be returned, and after the campaign was over and defeat faced him, on his arrival at Washington I met him on different occasions and he seemed to be very much depressed, especially so just before he started for Panama. At that time he came to me and began deploring his defeat and could not understand it after all the hard work he had put in, and I saw that he was uneasy and in a moody condition. I endeavored to cheer him up by saying to him that if I had his ability, his wonderful physique, his ambition, and his profession, I should feel grateful to my district that they had relegated me to private life, but I saw I had made no impression upon him, and when I saw the account of his trip to Panama it seemed to me that he must have been out of his mind at times, as he had every reason to look forward with pleasure to his future life. He had a wife and three little children, who I know were very dear to him; his wife especially was all wrapped up in the future of their three children. He had a nice little home at Ann Arbor, was respected by his community, and that he should have thought it necessary to end his life in the way he did, leaving the responsibility upon his wife for the bringing up of that little

family, leads me to think that he could not have been in his right mind.

I had hoped that our Michigan delegation during my career might not be broken by death, and when Wedemeyer came amongst us I think the delegation felt proud of his association and little thought that his life was to end at so early a period, and we can only hope in crossing that great river to the great beyond that he has gone to a more fitting scene than we have to-day on earth.

Address of Mr. Hammond, of Minnesota

Mr. Speaker: William W. Wedemeyer was born near the city of Ann Arbor, Mich., of humble parentage. He went to school in the neighborhood of his home. He attended the great university in the city of Ann Arbor and worked his way through. He began the practice of his profession in the same city, and became a respected and eminent citizen of that community. He represented the district in which that city is located in the United States Congress. In childhood, youth, and later life he was identified with that part of his State.

It was my fortune to attend the memorial services held in the city of Ann Arbor. Never have I seen a greater genuine tribute paid to any man than was paid to our colleague on that day. Not only were the most distinguished men of the State present, but a great concourse of people, made up of those who knew the boy and knew the man.

I have heard it very often said by young men starting out in life, "I feel that I can not do quite so well here at home. I would like to go to some other place to make my way." Not so with Wedemeyer. He stayed with those who knew him from his infancy, and no word of mine, and no other word that may be spoken, can tell a better story of the worth of the man than the simple statement that those who knew him best loved and admired him most.

I was on the boat going to Panama that carried Mr. Wedemeyer there. I did not know him very well prior to that trip. I had met him perhaps half a dozen times. Of course, his mind was then affected, but apparently there

are no two cases of mental disease that are just alike. He could speak of his delusions logically and reasonably. That he had delusions there is no doubt, but much of the time his mind was clear. During the trip to the Isthmus I learned much of the man. I should say that Mr. Wedemeyer was one of the most ambitious men I have ever met. He was anxious to retain his seat in Congress. The loss of it was a great disappointment. He was anxious to play a part in public life, but he desired to make a record embellished by valuable service to the people he represented. He wanted to make a good record. He was ambitious to serve his country well. Ambition is too often allied with selfishness; but when a really ambitious man is unselfish and desires to serve others and be of use to them, the possibilities of his public service are almost infinite.

Shortly after we left New York Harbor I went to Mr. Wedemeyer's room with him, and he showed me there a photograph of his wife and his children, and he spoke of them in words of pride and love. It seemed that his thoughts were centered upon two things: First, his family and what might come to them in case anything should happen to him; second, the blow to his prospects in having his public career checked. He brooded upon what he deemed his misfortune. Indeed, his greatest delusion was, as my friend [Mr. McMorran] has said, the belief that he could not be a great man, an able man, and a strong man out of public life. He felt that too much had been taken from him. He desired to stay in public life, because he knew that he could be of service to his country, because he knew he could bring honor upon himself and happiness to his family. In all things the family seemed to come first. He knew that his mind was diseased. He believed that it was irreparably injured. He thought he would never be a well and strong man

again. Cherished ambitions gone, his mental strength failing, he feared he would be a burden to his loved ones instead of a help to them. Disappointed, grieving, sorrowing, another great quality of the man exhibited itself. I said he was ambitious. He was unselfish as well. He cared not what became of him if no others suffered. He could not bear to live to do no good for others and to be of no help to his family.

In the twilight of an early evening these thoughts came upon him. He looked at the bright stars above, at the black waters below, and, like a brave and courageous soldier, he went to a soldier's death.

Address of Mr. Hamilton, of Michigan

Mr. Speaker: On the night of January 2, 1913, word was flashed back to land from the steamship *Panama*, bound northward from Colon, of the death of William W. Wedemeyer by drowning.

The tangled thread of life which his troubled mind had been picking at for many feverish days and nights was ended and the problem " to be or not to be " was solved.

At the meridian of his physical and mental powers some lesion somewhere, some rift in the thin partition between the normal and the abnormal, had let in strange, insistent voices, urging him out into the unknown.

Then night settled down upon the sea and the ship with its little company of passengers and crew, with their little artificial social distinctions and their little plans for permanence, went on its way; but the soul of Wedemeyer had gone out into the illimitable spaces of eternity, on its way to the God who gave it, in the region where " there shall be no night " and where " they need no candle, neither light of sun, for the Lord God giveth them light."

From time immemorial life has been compared to a voyage on which all set out with high hopes of treasure and renown, and some drop anchor in the lotus eaters' changeless land of rest and nothingness, and some are wrecked upon uncharted rocks, and some are lured to death by false lights; and some, gray with experience, battered by storms and disciplined by danger, with furled sails, come at last into the final port, where, whether only a faithful light in a cottage window awaits them or the boom of welcoming cannon greets them, the voyage is

over and the cargo, whether of gold or "sand for Nero's circuses," is discharged.

WEDEMEYER, though young, had fared well and fared far, and early in life had learned to be his own pilot.

Without money and without backing he had gained a collegiate education and graduated from both the literary and law departments of the University of Michigan by dint of sheer hard work.

He spoke English and German with equal fluency and had read deeply in the literature of both languages.

His mind had been disciplined by scholastic training and by a postgraduate course in the practice of law and the school of politics.

He had been in turn commissioner of schools for his home county, deputy railroad commissioner of Michigan, consul at Georgetown, British Guiana, for a short time, Member of Congress for one term, and had been defeated by a narrow majority in the election of 1912.

His father and mother had come from Germany to the better opportunities of America, and their son illustrated in his own career what an American boy, endowed with energy and high ideals, can accomplish here, and his career gave his name significance.

Names are useful to identify us as items in the census list, but a name means little except as some one has given it character.

If you pick out a man in a crowd and ask who he is you are told his name, but that means little more than a means of arbitrary identification, except as the man himself has made his name mean something, and it means less when he is labeled by inheritance with a name of which he is unworthy.

Whether he realizes it or not, every man is giving his name a meaning every day by what he does and by what he says, confused though the meaning may be between

what others take him for and what he himself guesses he may be. So names pass into history and become synonyms of patriotism, heroism, war, or craft.

The name WEDEMEYER stands to us who know for 6 feet of physical manhood, illuminated by a character for honesty, courage, perseverance, steadiness, and sobriety, trained by study and research, warmed by a genial humor, and inspired by love for his family.

But, in a deeper sense, like Schopenhauer, we question in vain who we are; and after all the arguments for centuries of "doctors and saints" and scientists and philosophers "about it and about," we "come out by the same door wherein we went," and the conclusion of Paul condenses it all into a sentence, "If Christ be not risen from the dead, then is your faith vain."

Andrew D. White quotes Bismarck as saying of his early life:

> Many an hour did I spend in hopeless despondency, believing that my own and other people's existence was aimless and useless, perhaps only an accidental emanation of creation, arising and disappearing as dust from rolling wheels.

But if we gain courage by believing that we are not here by accident—that creation is not all a curious coincidence—if we gain courage and self-respect by believing that we are here by design of some supreme intelligence which cares, then the ancient questions come back to generation after generation—

Why must tragedies like this come upon us?

Why should fears and sorrows and temptations and criminal impulses crouch and lie in ambush like beasts of prey, not only in the human brain but all along the way of life?

Why the prodigality and the waste of life?

Why the brevity of life—the swift, short interval between our coming and departure—between the beginning of aspiration and the oblivion that closes over it?

Why, in this brief interval, do some, like motes, dance in the sunlight and others strive always in the shadows?

And why are talents, wealth, and power distributed unequally?

And the wisdom of the ages, speculating about things the knowledge of which is denied us, answers that eternity is long, without beginning and without end; that all is not ended here; that each is held accountable for what is given to him; that if this world were a garden of plenty, where there was no evil and therefore no choice between good and evil, then there would be no merit in resisting evil.

That, in our daily choice between good and evil, in our buffetings with circumstances, in our fights "with beasts at Ephesus," within us and without, we make character; that without character we would be nothing, and that by what we are we shall be known in eternity.

We say in sorrow it is not fair that one man should have to go through life with hunger, disappointment, suffering, and failure tracking his sinking footsteps, while another keeps step with laughter, plenty, and success; but somehow, as time ticks on, some of us come to understand dimly—to see through eyes "red with the rust of unshed tears" that perhaps success is not all of life and that fame and wealth and power are not the best things in life nor suffering and failure the worst things in life.

But if the hope of conscious existence after the death of the body were to fade out of human life all this would be meaningless—the logic of existence would be utterly gone; the consolation of the weary and the oppressed would be turned to ashes, and the cries of human anguish, the prayers of human aspiration, would echo backward

upon a hopeless world from a black, impenetrable wall, and the highest aspiration to nobler manhood would be gone.

If the belief that there is another stage of existence, where the day shall break and "the shadows flee away"; where the logic of life shall stand revealed; if the belief that there is an existence beyond this visible, tangible universe, where even man, sitting in judgment on himself, shall be obliged to recognize that he can not gather what he has not sown; if the belief that there is an existence beyond what our senses tell us of, where what we shall be shall have just relation to what we have been here—if all this shall fade out of human belief, then the very foundations upon which this huge yet delicate fabric of laws, government, and social institutions is built would slip from under us.

We say in sorrow it is unjust that a man in his prime, at the beginning of a career, should be cut down; that the hope men set their hearts upon should turn to ashes.

But shall the entity evolved out of yesterday and to disappear to-morrow querulously argue why and wherefore with the power that made it as it goes on its way?

Besides, who knows that a career has been cut short?

Tenacity of life is strong within us. We are seldom ready to lay down our tools and go out and shut the door forever; we always think we might have done more and better work, that the revolving wheel of life might have stopped at some lucky number, or that failure might have been transmuted into success.

George Frederick Watts spoke of his paintings as "only studies of the picture that might have been"; but who knows?

Who knows when the years would have begun to tarnish the golden age of cooperating talent and power of

execution into the dimness of age, senility, and incompetency?

Time and again we see evidences that even experience is no safeguard against mistakes; that if life were patriarchal in its length each day would still bring new problems, and that the longest life ends where it began—in a dream of happiness never realized.

Old Jacob lived an hundred and thirty years. He had seen the angels of God ascending and descending. He had seen God face to face and still lived, and yet he told Pharaoh that " the days of the years of his life " had been " few and evil."

It all comes back to this: If this little space in eternity which we call life is the beginning and the ending of it all, then it is an inexplicable tragedy; if it is a stage in a journey onward, then it is an opportunity.

Address of Mr. Sloan, of Nebraska

Mr. Speaker: The end of the Sixty-second Congress comes on apace. The week days and nights are filled with pressing legislation, while our Sabbaths are crowded with congressional memorials. No Congress of our history can equal our necrology record—6 Senators out of 96 and 19 Representatives out of 394. A mortuary loss beyond that of the so-called hazardous occupations. Almost constant attendance at sessions, away from usual comforts of home, under the fitful and varying season and climatic conditions of our National Capital, the tribute to the final taxgatherer has been heavy indeed. Hurried home visits for strenuous primary or election campaigns have severely tested the human fiber. It is little wonder that the weaker links of muscle or nerve have so often given way. The figures presented should be at once a pathetic plea against the Executive exercising extraordinary prerogatives and the exactions of a critical constituency. In the falling of this term's membership extreme age has had little part, continued and lingering illness but little more. The shock of physical accident has claimed its victim. In most cases death has been but the climax of toil and strain, resulting in mental or physical weakness, not noticed by the rest until the weakened link had snapped and a garland graces the deserted desk. Then it is admirers speak and his colleagues mourn.

Congressman William W. Wedemeyer was among the fallen. Among his colleagues perhaps one of the last expected to be summoned. Like many of us, he was a new Member. In meeting my colleagues I judged after the manner of new Members. Of the old and distinguished

Representatives we adapt our estimate to that resultant measure of a public man made by press and platform. Because every man who enters here is subjected to that leveling process based on praise or blame of colleague, criticism or encomium of the press, and the bold utterance, favorable or unfavorable, of the platform. Our judgment, therefore, of the older Members is, in part, ready-made. But new Members judge their fellows by stature, personal appearance, and those peculiar qualities beaming from countenance and seen in movement which go to make up the individual.

I looked upon our late colleague from Michigan with interest and admiration. He came from that lake-locked State of the North, where so many men preeminent of brain and brawn have not only graced the public capital, but in the activities of the world made for themselves a quality and name which might be termed "Magic of Michigan." This is true not only of mature men, but our brother's alma mater on every field of collegiate manly sport has made the name of Michigan carry with it respect of public, and often consternation to the opposing team or crew. Tall, erect, powerful, vibrant with energy, his features gleamed with intellectual force. When later seen in his early congressional forensic efforts there was predicted for him a great career, and for his State and district a distinguished Representative. Toward the end I saw him grow in power, influence, and esteem. To him the future seemed most kind.

The exigencies of disturbed political conditions brought about the defeat of many strong men and did not spare our friend. Defeat to him was a bitter draft in an unwelcome chalice. More bitter to him than to many others. Like too many, he erred in construing temporary rejection as a reflection upon his record and ability. That is not always a true test. The sovereign will is ex-

pressed regardless of record, service, or ability. Being sovereign, it brooks neither question nor criticism. So, the rejected servant must not seek to measure too accurately the consideration he has tendered for the favor the public may extend. The public seldom makes demand for us. She owes us no certain term. Her refusal to extend should neither be criticized nor commended.

He was one of a congressional party leaving New York for Panama, the scene of the world's greatest engineering feat. It was at that point where Columbus sought to find a passage to the Far East; but four centuries have taught us that it must be made; it can not be found. Congressman Wedemeyer knew the tropic region, having ably represented his country's interests in that vicinity before his election to Congress. It was thought that the healing breezes of the sea would give him rest and restore his health; but six days on the main merely accentuated his malady. So, the visit of our company to the great canal and its activities were not shared by him.

On January 2 we left Colon for New York on the ship *Panama*. It was a bright, balmy day. The Caribbean, known to seamen as "that fretful mistress," was unusually calm and inviting. We rejoiced in the glad thought that we were all "coming home." It was not thought that one of our number was "going home."

We watched the receding landmarks as the sun sank toward the other ocean. The Columbus Statue faded from vision. Colon under its palms fell behind the horizon, and as the night came down the signal lights of Porto Bello alone told of solid earth. I talked with our brother just before nightfall. To attempted quip and labored joke he gave reluctant ear; but when I spoke in the language of his fathers and recited verses in Teuton tongue, he brightened and responded in kind, seeming then more like the "distinguished Member from Michi-

gan" than I had observed for many days. Another hour had not passed when the tragedy of the southern sea had been enacted.

The sea had taken on a gentle roll, but it seemed with no fretful anger wrought. It was not dark, though no moon was there. The southern cross in majesty hung pendent in its place. The guard on the hurricane deck was low. His body fell athwart its rail. There was a splash and he was gone. "A break in the wave, and he passed from this life to a rest in the grave." In vain were engines stopped; bootless the searchlight swept the neighboring sea; and without result were boats, with hardy sailors manned, sent on missions of search.

> And our stately ship went on
> To its haven under the hill,
> But O for the touch of a vanished hand
> And the sound of a voice that is still.

Sadness and gloom marked our homeward voyage. Upon our memories was impressed that tragic scene which, until the final summons comes to us, whether on land or sea, will remain till we exchange those memories for present knowledge of our brother in that—

> Land far away 'mid the stars (as) I am told,
> Where they know not the sorrows of time,
> Where the pure waters wander through the valleys of gold
> And life is a treasure sublime.

Unlike the oral musing of the melancholy Dane, he saw no "sea of trouble"; he may have found a sea of rest. We will not vaunt the stern philosophy of Aristotle nor yet take comfort from the stoicism of Seneca. We have a philosophy more modern and more comforting. It is the philosophy of Him "who doeth all things well," and who of us will say that it has not been so?

Had we our choice we would much have preferred that a bell should have been tolled, a shroud provided, and the body given to the earth; that a marble monument or granite shaft should mark the place; that an acacian shrub should stand above; and that flowers should be laid by loving hands to link him with their lives. But now only upon a chart marking distance from land, with memoranda of latitude and longitude, can his tomb be designated.

When we think of this place, near the historic shores of the Spanish Main, there is an interest prompted in his resting place. We know the coral reefs are there; layers of whitest pearls are in the sunken caverns; shells of rainbow beauty gleam and gems of richest quality, by nature placed, lie in the depths profound. In that vicinity lie sunken treasure-laden galleons and rich argosies sunk by sea-swept tempest or purposely sent to bottom to escape the pirate's capture. Doubloons of rich old gold are there; sparkling jewels dropped from shrunken fingers and richest ornament by beauty worn all lie in the "hollow sounding and mysterious main." But the richest, brightest, purest of all the gems and jewels as tributes paid to that exacting and remorseless deep are the mind and life of Congressman WEDEMEYER, for whom we this day sincerely mourn.

Address of Mr. J. M. C. Smith, of Michigan

Mr. Speaker: The hand of death has rested heavily on the Sixty-second Congress. Heretofore as I have listened to kind words and loving tributes of Members of different States delivered in memory of their dead brothers, I thought that Michigan was extremely fortunate in having no such office to perform. But at a time when we were thinking least about it the hand of death visited our delegation and took the youngest member, the one whom we thought might be the last to go. I am especially pleased to hear the tributes of love, affection, and esteem delivered here to-day not only from his colleagues from Michigan but from other States. It shows the high esteem and respect in which he was held by the Members of this House.

Mr. Speaker, Hon. William W. Wedemeyer, Congressman from the second congressional district of Michigan, elected at the November election of 1910, was serving his first term as Representative from that district when death overtook him on his way back to Washington from Panama.

Mr. Wedemeyer was born in Washtenaw County, Mich., and after attending the district schools of that vicinity he went with his parents to Ann Arbor, where, after graduating from the high school, he worked his way through the University of Michigan with the untiring energy which characterized all that he did, and his beloved alma mater to him was always a personal pride and the subject of his constant solicitude. Mr. Wedemeyer was nearing the age of 40 at the time of his death. He was a lawyer by profession, and had won an enviable

reputation at the bar. He was a close student, a fine orator, and a convincing speaker. Before coming to Congress he had held many positions of honor and trust. He had served as school commissioner of his county, and was appointed deputy railroad commissioner of his State under Gov. Pingree. Subsequently he became consul to British Guiana, in South America. All of these positions he filled with credit and honor. Trained in the severe school of experience, when the morning sun of life, so full of hope and promise, seemed to be rising and shining most brightly, when success seemed so certain, when the public was so expectant of his superior ability and his great intellectual powers, he laid down the burdens of his activities amid the cherished hopes of his friends that to him would be long life and long future usefulness, and he passed to the great beyond, a loved, esteemed, and greatly admired friend, husband, and father. His life's work and duties are ended, but the many deeds of kindness and of worth performed by him will remain an inspiration to us all and to those who come after us, and especially to those who, single handed and alone, must battle for position and honor. That the world is made better by his efforts, that his pure, upright, and noble life will lead others to higher walks, let us firmly believe. Let us cherish the hope that all will be well in the future and that we may perform our full duty, face our tasks, and as citizens take up the duty of performing better our part. Emerson says:

> There is no record left on earth,
> Save in the tablets of the heart.

William Wedemeyer was a man of exemplary life and high culture, and endeared himself to all by his cheerful, jovial, buoyant nature. He was a statesman; his State, his colleagues, and his acquaintances expected much of

him, and their admiration for him was akin to affection. Large of stature and of heart, everybody loved him.

Mr. WEDEMEYER was greatly interested in his congressional work and duties. He practically carried his work with him, whether at his room, his office, or on the floor of the House, and found little time for diversion or entertainment. We can almost see him now there at his desk, when debate is the most strenuous and interest the most intense, reading, writing, working—always busy. "That is WEDEMEYER, of Michigan," was pointed out in the gallery and whispered on the floor of the House, when his large, stately, manly form passed down the aisle, always with a smile and a kindly word for all.

In the discharge of his trust the public welfare was his greatest solicitude. He conversed freely with his colleagues concerning the details of the measures upon which he voted, and his actions thereon were uniformly right. Public life to him carried no secrets. He served on the important Committees on Territories and on Expenditures in the State Department. He worked hard to give home rule to Alaska, and joined with his colleague, the Delegate, Mr. Wickersham, in his greeting to that far-off land:

> Hail from the land of the northern light,
> Whose arctic halo illumines the night.
> Hail from the land of the midnight sun,
> Where the mighty Yukon's waters run.

Mr. WEDEMEYER'S extensive travels, scrupulous uprightness, and high sense of honor gave him particular fitness for these positions. He was not returned to Congress in the election of 1912, and while he felt the defeat keenly, he seemed in good spirits and to be reconciled to the result, but overwork, a fall, and sickness undermined even his iron constitution.

It was my privilege to be present at the memorial exercise held in his home city of Ann Arbor. There thousands of his fellow townsmen, friends, and neighbors, with many from other cities and States, met in University Hall, where formerly he had received his college degree with highest honors. They paid high respect and tributes of love and esteem to his memory, and many testified to the worth of his splendid life.

We do well to meet here to-day and in this Chamber, the place of his last activities, to give expression to our admiration of the man and do reverence to the memory of our departed colleague. It is not given us to know or to look into the future life. Possibly some of us hesitate because death seems a long way off. However that may be, it is certain to come, and as Covert said on an occasion similar to this:

To the past go more dear faces,
  Every year,
As the loved leave vacant places
  Every year;
Everywhere their sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us
And to come to them entreat us,
  Every year.

But the true life draws nigher
  Every year,
And its morning star shines higher
  Every year;
Earthly hold on us grows slighter,
And its heavy burdens lighter
And the dawn immortal brighter,
  Every year.

Address of Mr. Sweet, of Michigan

Mr. Speaker: As one of the long-time friends of William W. Wedemeyer and one of his companions upon the trip to Panama, I wish at this time to briefly express my affection for him as a friend, my appreciation for him as a man of extraordinary ability and promise, and my admiration for his self-sacrificing heroism.

No one who had the good fortune to know Mr. Wedemeyer intimately could fail to recognize in his friendship a peculiar quality of loyalty and whole-hearted devotion which ignored the existence of self-interest or political or other barriers. He valued men for their intrinsic worth. If they measured up to his standard of character and devotion to duty, he took them into his great heart without reserve. Such friends he found in all parts of the State of Michigan, and such friends he found among his colleagues of the Sixty-second Congress, who uniformly reciprocated his sentiment and now mourn his untimely decease with a deep sense of personal loss.

It is not my purpose to dwell upon the extraordinary mental equipment of Mr. Wedemeyer or the success of his brief but honorable career, which gave promise of greater victories to come. I shall confine my remarks to a single phase of his character, which was brought out in the strongest colors during the last days of his life. Those of you who knew him merely as a conscientious worker in this House could hardly have realized the existence of the qualities to which I refer. Intimate friends who were not with him at the last could not have fully understood and appreciated them.

Within a few days the whole civilized world has been shocked at the news of the death of Capt. Scott, the great

English Antarctic explorer, and his brave companions. No narrow line of nationality prevents the free expression of sympathy for these martyrs to the cause of science and admiration for their courage and endurance. The newspapers tell us that Capt. Lawrence E. G. Oates, whose invincible bravery in the Boer War obtained for him the title of "No Surrender Oates," a member of this band of explorers, performed an act of heroism never surpassed in the annals of history. With hands and feet badly frozen he believed that he had become a drag upon his companions and a menace to their escape. Leaving the little hut in which the party had taken shelter, with that simplicity which is characteristic of true greatness, he remarked, "I am going outside and may be gone some time"; and so he walked forth into the night and into the storm, never to return.

Such acts of self-sacrifice are not limited to any age or country. They are an honor to human nature. They glorify mankind.

Those who were with Mr. Wedemeyer during his last days know that one department of his mind was the victim of serious disease. They know that just as a wounded soldier may sit and contemplate and freely discuss the chance of saving a mutilated member of his body, so did our friend endeavor to diagnose his own mental derangement. They know that he was fully convinced that recovery was impossible and that the future held for him no prospect of happiness for himself or of adding to the happiness of others. More than that, they know that by his own process of reasoning, which no argument could overcome, he was convinced that from that time forth his physical existence would be an ever-increasing burden to those he loved best.

Deploring as we must the possible error of his reasoning no one doubts its sincerity. If relief for Capt. Scott

and his party had without their knowledge been within easy access, it would in no way have detracted from the heroism of Capt. Oates. The all-important point is his belief. We can never know the tortuous processes of reasoning which passed through the mind of our colleague, but from what he said to me on the last day of his life and from what he said to other members of our party, as well as myself, during the days previous, I shall never have any doubt that an intention to sacrifice himself for what he believed to be the good of others inspired him, and that the impulses of a great and generous heart were substituted for the control of a brain which no one realized more clearly than himself was diseased.

Sensitive, conscientious, modest, and unassuming to the point of self-depreciation, he would be the last one to claim credit for what he did, and if he had spoken a final word it would have been like him to simply say, "I am going outside, and may be gone some time."

Address of Mr. Sharp, of Ohio

Mr. Speaker: Three weeks ago to-day, with the sky overhead as beautiful and as clear as reigns outside of this Chamber at this noonday hour, there was assembled in University Hall at Ann Arbor a notable gathering of mourners. Four thousand of that college town's people, augmented by many men of prominence from all over the State of Michigan and the National Capital, had come to do reverence and express their sorrow at the loss of a distinguished citizen. In that great assemblage were men high in the State's and Nation's public life, and instructors of the university of national reputation. On the platform near the center and about whom were gathered those who were to participate in the memorial ceremonies sat the venerable Dr. Angell, for a generation the president of one of America's greatest institutions of learning. With that calm dignity and serenity of countenance, the outward manifestation of the spirit and nobility of character within, the presence of this grand old man of learning would in itself have sufficiently attested the regard and high esteem in which he whose death we here mourn was held among his own people. At the side of the venerable Dr. Angell sat President Hutchins, the virile head of that great university. On either side of him were seated distinguished men of Michigan who had come to express their sorrow and in one common voice sound the praises of the one for whom they mourned. In front of them sat with bowed heads, first and nearest to the platform, the closer friends of the deceased, and then the townspeople, filling every chair in the pit and galleries of that great auditorium—the scene on many occasions for a half century of rare educational, musical, and festal events.

Beginning the ceremonies early in the afternoon, as one speaker after another reviewed the life and character of our departed friend and colleague, the setting sun, pouring through the western windows, had flooded the chamber of mourning with its mellow light before the exercises were concluded. Of the speakers some, who had known him as friend and fellow townsman, spoke of his early struggle in life to secure the means by which he might pursue his studies through the university; others, whose acquaintance began with him in his early manhood, spoke in feeling terms of appreciation of his sterling qualities as a lawyer; while others, who had been his coworkers in civic and political life, referred in terms of highest praise to his achievements in that broader field of activity.

Such, my colleagues, were the scenes attending the memorial ceremonies of the late WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER in his home town of Ann Arbor on that Sabbath afternoon in counterpart to like ceremonies which we are attending to-day. Though the cruel waves of a tropical sea, in a most fateful manner, had robbed these ceremonies of his poor body, yet to those who knew him he was just as much present in spirit as though his living person was again among them, and the memory of what he was will dwell with them as long as they shall live.

It was President Garfield who said of Mark Hopkins, the president of Williams College, where he attended, that to have been merely acquainted and associated with him was in itself a liberal education. With how much more truth may it be said of the advantages, both as to the moral and mental training, of one whose whole life has been spent in the atmosphere and environment of the great men who have since its beginning guided the destinies of such an institution as the University of Michigan. It has been said that poets and authors have in many instances won their inspiration from the scenes surround-

ing their childhood days, and we know that this must be true to some extent with men of lesser fame. Who shall say that that love of knowledge, those qualities of sterling character, and that desire to be useful to his fellow men did not spring from the inspiration of that institution quite as much indeed as from the knowledge of books which William Wedemeyer imbibed from his studies at Ann Arbor? May we not see in these attributes a reflection of the influence of example which came from association with those gifted men, and may we not—and I speak as an alumnus myself of that grand old university—also find an explanation for them in no small degree, not alone in the very environment of a town upon which nature has herself lavished so many charms in its hills, dales, and charming sylvan retreats on the banks of the Huron, but also from the daily contact with the townspeople so enlightened and alive to the importance of according to their students a most kindly and sympathetic welcome? William Wedemeyer would have indeed been recreant to his duty and false to his whole training had he been anything else than the splendid example of American manhood by which we knew him.

Others of his colleagues, who have been fortunate in knowing him for a longer time than I, have to-day justly spoken in praise of his services as a Member of this body. From my acquaintance with him, I think it not unwarranted to say for him that had the fate which governs human affairs held in store for him more kindly things and given to him a longer span of life his abilities and sincerity of purpose would have placed him in the front rank in the delegation which so ably represents his native State. My first impression of him as he appeared in earnest debate upon this floor never changed. Indeed, that impression settled into a firm conviction that he was destined to play an important part in the legislation of

Congress if his constituents had the wisdom to see in him the promise which all of his colleagues could see. While we mourn his loss to-day, my colleagues, not only to the State and the Nation, but as deeply personal to ourselves, yet may we not be comforted in the thought that though that great mind, full of potential capacity—that temple of reason—was tottering to a fall, yet his last act was, after all, one of heroic purpose, and as he lived so he died, his last thought one of devotion and one of conscientious duty as husband and father, as the remnant of that clouded intellect saw it to be, to those he so dearly loved?

Address of Mr. Ainey, of Pennsylvania

Mr. Speaker: William W. Wedemeyer, statesman, scholar, lawyer, citizen, husband, father, friend. With no unequal emphasis in all his contacts he exercised high qualities.

Like radii, each characteristic fell not short of reaching the outer circle of well-rounded accomplishment, and each complemented the other. His honesty of purpose, his gentleness of heart, his inherent and studiously acquired powers of mind were of the fabric of the man and wore well, whether in the political, professional, or social circles of his activities. What he was in the full sunlight of his public career he remained in the twilight of his own home. He had but one standard and this he applied more rigorously to himself than his sympathetic charity permitted him to do to others. He loved the good and pure and noble, and of him it might well be said: "Behold the upright man and just."

Not the sun of limited circumference, but its beams, penetrating to distant realms, touch far-off worlds with life and light. It is not the man of inch-measured height and breadth, but the effulgence of a high and noble character whose rays radiate rare influence which, illuminating the pathway of others, affects the destiny of men and nations.

William W. Wedemeyer's life spanned the distances separating him from his fellow men, and he brought them within the touch of his keen mind and warm heart. The ubiquity of his generous sympathies paralleled his wide experience, deep learning, and rock-laid integrity.

Such a character is unique. It yields not readily to analysis; it must be felt. The song of birds, the hum of bees, the flutter of the butterfly, the tint of flower, the sheltering shadows of the mighty tree, the murmur of the brook, the roar of ocean are indivisible, and refuse a revelation of their best to the contracted eyes of peering science.

To seek to separate the man from his attainments, to differentiate between his accomplishments and his ideals, would be to lose the dominant note in the melody of his life. Whether in one walk or another—in Nation, State, or home—the motive was the same—he gave rich expression to a tried and experienced high-mindedness.

How may we lift up our sorrowing faces under our bereavement? With what consolation may we reconcile ourselves to this untimely loss? What philosophy is there to alleviate the deadening pain which such parting brings? It is difficult for finite minds to harmonize need and loss.

The great Nation, to the solution of whose problems in the interest of its people he had dedicated his efficient efforts; the large circle of friends and acquaintances who relied upon his wise counsel and warm-hearted assistance; the hallowed and loved circle of his own home find the solution hard.

Is it not because it is difficult for us to divest ourselves of our own desires? Work never ends, and ages would not be sufficient for any man to complete a task. Man's work is well done, then, when he has impressed upon it the mark and plane of high ideal whereby others coming after may find a guidance and an inspiration toward accomplishment.

My acquaintance lasted, it seemed to me, not longer than a fragrant day of blossoming spring. We were brought together through the instrumentality of a sym-

pathetic and mutual friend upon my advent to the Halls of Congress. Many are the treasures which memory gives of the too brief hours when mind and heart rambled together along some chosen pathway of common interest, where I was permitted to see and feel and know the high and purposeful which linked his life to his country, home, and friends, and now makes me rich in the recollection of the last hour we spent together, when he sought me out and told me of unselfish aspirations, where others occupied chief part and place.

The Great Master who saw and understood the mystery of the human heart revealed the underlying principle of love. I may say, expressive of this truth, that hidden in my heart of hearts I retain this jewel of my great affection for his memory:

He was my friend.

Address of Mr. Samuel W. Smith, of Michigan

Mr. Speaker: We are again forcibly reminded that in the midst of life we are in death.

The news of the taking away of our colleague, as conveyed to me by Senator Townsend, was a great shock, for when I bade him good-by in this Chamber on the day he started for his home, to go, as he then expected, with his wife to Panama, he never seemed better or more full of cheer and hope.

It has been my good fortune to enjoy an intimate acquaintance with him for many years. I have long known his desire to be a Member of Congress, and it may be a surprise, even to some of his most intimate friends, to know that he was not enamored with congressional life, for he has often said to me during his term of service that he would be satisfied if he could serve another term, and I think, eminently satisfactory as his services were, he would have been content to retire at the end of another term, to engage not wholly in the practice of his profession—the law—but also to pursue his literary work and lecture, and in this he also would have been a pronounced success.

It is given to but few men to make a more enviable record than he has during his first term—faithful, honest, patient, and industrious; always courteous and kind.

His popularity was as wide as his acquaintance, which was extensive, and those of us who journeyed to his home city, Ann Arbor, January 26, witnessed an outpouring of the people in University Hall that was the highest evidence of his popularity and the esteem in which he was held by all classes of people, who gave touching and

sincere proof of their great regard for their fellow citizen and honored Member of Congress.

His wife, children, and friends can console themselves in the years to come with the thought that our deceased brother lived up to the full measure of all his opportunities, and that the world is brighter and better for his having lived.

Friend and colleague, I bid you a last farewell, hoping we shall meet in the great beyond.

Address of
Former Representative John J. Lentz, of Ohio

Mr. Willis. Mr. Speaker, my colleague from Ohio and others who have spoken on this occasion have referred to the memorial exercises held at Ann Arbor three weeks ago to-day. Those exercises certainly were a wonderful and touching tribute to the memory of a great man. Several of the friends of our deceased brother have asked that at least one of the many notable speeches made on that occasion shall be preserved in permanent form. I therefore ask unanimous consent to insert in the Record the remarks of former Congressman John J. Lentz, delivered on that occasion.

The Speaker pro tempore. The gentleman from Ohio asks unanimous consent to print in the Record the remarks of former Congressman Lentz at the memorial services referred to. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

The matter is as follows:

Former Congressman John J. Lentz, of Columbus, Ohio, spoke at the Ann Arbor Wedemeyer memorial exercises not only as a close friend of Mr. Wedemeyer but also in behalf of the American Insurance Union and in behalf of the Masonic bodies of the city of Ann Arbor, as follows:

"Never before and probably never again shall I occupy the same relation to any memorial service in honor of any man or woman as that which inspires me to perform a threefold duty to-day. I speak from a heart overflowing with gratitude and affection, remembering the fidelity and cordiality of Brother Wedemeyer's friendship from the 22d day of February, 1895, when we first met in this hall on the occasion of my delivering the Washington Birthday address on behalf of the law department of this the greatest of all the American universities.

"I speak of Brother Wedemeyer, mindful of the eloquent and sympathetic words spoken by him in my own home on the 25th of July, 1910, in the parting hour when my best friends carried away from me forever the frail frame of her whose pure love, brilliant mind, and sympathetic heart were the greatest treasure and the brighest light that ever came into view upon the horizon of my earthly career.

"I also speak as the chosen representative of the Masonic bodies of this beautiful city of Ann Arbor, the home of his alma mater and the home of my alma mater, and as the national president of the American Insurance Union I speak of him as the national counselor of its national board, governing the fraternal and financial destiny of an institution extending its protection and fellowship to the homes of 28,000 good men and women throughout these United States, together with the tens and tens of thousands of their children who, through their parents, have learned to love the name of Wedemeyer.

"Our departed brother became a member of the American Insurance Union on the 14th day of September, 1899, and was initiated in Golden Rule Lodge of the Masonic order of this city on the 12th day of April, 1900, and was passed and raised from degree to degree through the Blue Lodge, the Chapter, the Commandery, and reached the Shrine in the fall of 1906.

"My brothers of the Masonic order here advise me that he was always willing to help at all of their functions and that he was a strong and efficient factor in the growth of the Masonic order here. Those of us who knew him away from his home in this municipal center can appreciate how fully and how happily he served our Masonic brothers in their every purpose and their highest aims and ideals. From the beginning to the end of his Masonic career he demonstrated to each and every brother of that order, as he has always demonstrated to each and every member of every organization with which he was affiliated, that he was a man, every inch a man, free-born, of good repute, and well recommended and better and better recommended from day to day as men knew him better and better in his increasing power and influence and service.

"Our departed brother was no ordinary man. He was an example and a leader in every walk of life. He was of heroic stature, physically, mentally, and morally. His was a personality so happy, so generous, so industrious that those who knew him

best will never forget him nor will they ever realize that he has taken his departure and entered upon a career still more active in a sphere much larger than this our common mother earth. Philosophers, theologians, and scientists have for thousands of years discussed and analyzed the question of immortality. To all who knew WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER such discussions are vain and futile, because it is impossible to think of him without feeling and saying with one accord, 'Of course we shall meet him again.' We are as sure of his immortality and of meeting his genial companionable identity when we get into that future world ourselves as we are of our personal identity to-day in this world.

"If it be true, as Emerson has said, that to be rich in friends is to be poor in nothing, then well may we content ourselves and congratulate his good wife and children with the suggestion that WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER was a millionaire in this world and he will be a multimillionaire by the time we join him in the world to come.

"It was Telemachus, of Athens, who said: ''Tis ever wrong to say a good man dies,' and there is no member of the national board or of the national cabinet or anywhere in the chapters of the American Insurance Union who will not agree with this old Athenian philosopher.

"It will be impossible to find anyone who knew our departed brother, WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER, who will not agree with us that 'to know him was to love him.' His great, generous heart loved all mankind. He exemplified in his work and in his personal association with each and all of us the doctrine of 'loving his neighbor as he loved himself.' He was not only a true fraternalist but a great fraternalist—a positive, earnest, industrious soul that overlooked no opportunity and lost no opportunity to serve his fellow man.

"He was too broad and too great in his sympathies and in his generosity and in his religion to recognize class, faction, creed, or sect. He believed in a God that taught him that 'He who serves man the most loves God the best.'

"By every word and every act of our departed brother he taught us the value, the beauty, and the holiness of 'courage, honor, courtesy, and fidelity.' By every word and every act he taught us that he not only preached but practiced these great virtues, and with it all and through it all he devoted himself to our creed of 'help in need' and 'all for one and one for all.'

"Each and every member of the national board is proud of the friendship, fellowship, and comradeship of our national counselor, the Hon. William W. Wedemeyer, and proud of his national distinction as a public servant, and grateful to his good wife and his three little children for the many hours, days, weeks, months, and years of his good time which they so generously permitted him to contribute to the cause and upbuilding of the American Insurance Union. We shall ever be grateful to his good mother, who gave him birth on the 22d day of March, 1873, and prepared him in his youthful years for a life and a career of honesty and fidelity so noble, so pure, and so true to his fellow man that we may justly claim for him what some distinguished Roman said of his friend: 'He was a better friend to everybody than anybody is to anybody.'

"We feel sure that we do not overestimate the great work of Brother Wedemeyer's earthly career when we say that his untimely death, before he reached the age of 40, was largely due to the fact that ever since his boyhood he has crowded into each day of his life two or three times as much work as is ordinarily done by active and energetic men.

"In bearing testimony to his high ideals, his untiring energy, his restless anxiety to do more and more each day for all humanity, we feel justified in saying that it is not too high praise to claim for him that as a public servant, associated with Gov. Pingree and other distinguished men of the great Commonwealth of Michigan, and also associated with the great and good public men who make up the high and honorable body of our American Congress at Washington, he accomplished more within the short span of his earthly career than most men accomplish who live God's allotted years of threescore and ten.

"We are proud to have had the fellowship of such a graduate of the great University of Michigan, whose broad scholarship, brilliant oratory, and eminent statesmanship won for him and his alma mater a national distinction and prominence of more than a master's degree.

"Each member of our national board joins with the good wife and children of our departed brother in tearful sympathy in a bereavement over a loss that extends far beyond the walls of their good home and touches every one of the 28,000 members of the American Insurance Union, and touches all good men and good women in the United States who appreciate and honor the

memory of Brother WEDEMEYER's generous, self-sacrificing, patriotic devotion to the betterment and advancement of his fellow men. And each and every member of our national board mourns with the members of his family and extends them the most sincere sympathy and tenders them every possible assistance in their bereavement.

"Remembering our good brother's happy personality, we can best express ourselves in the words of James Whitcomb Riley:

"'I can not say, I will not say,
That he is dead—he is just away.
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land
And left us dreaming; how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.
Think of him still the same, I say;
He is not dead—he is just away.'

"In the words of George Eliot, we are sure that he has—

"'Joined the choir invisible
Of those immortal souls who live again
In minds made better by their presence.'

"Or, in the words of Bulwer Lytton, let us say:

"'There is no death; an angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them dead.'

"In our common grief, our utter helplessness, we cry out in the poetic thought of George Dyre Eldridge:

"'We come from the chambers of silence, the gift of the gods is breath.
We go to the chambers of silence, the gift of the gods is death.'"

LEAVE TO PRINT

Mr. HAMILTON of Michigan. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that all Members may have leave to print on the life, character, and public services of the late Mr. WEDEMEYER.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Michigan asks unanimous consent that all Members may have leave to print in the Record remarks on the life, character, and public services of the late Mr. WEDEMEYER. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

ADJOURNMENT

Then, in accordance with the resolutions heretofore agreed to, at 4 o'clock and 6 minutes p. m., the House adjourned until to-morrow, Monday, February 17, 1913, at 12 o'clock noon.

MONDAY, *February 24, 1913.*

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Crockett, one of its clerks, announced that the Senate had passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sorrow of the death of the Hon. WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER, late a Member of the House of Representatives from the State of Michigan.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the business of the Senate be suspended in order that proper tribute may be paid to his high character and distinguished public services.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives and to the family of the deceased.

Also—

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of Mr. Rayner, Mr. Utter, and Mr. WEDEMEYER the Senate do now adjourn.

Proceedings in the Senate

Saturday, *January 4, 1913.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by D. K. Hempstead, its enrolling clerk, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. William W. Wedemeyer, late a Representative from the State of Michigan, and transmitted resolutions of the House thereon.

Mr. Townsend. I ask the Chair to lay before the Senate the resolutions received from the House of Representatives.

The President pro tempore. The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions of the House, which will be read.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

In the House of Representatives,
January 3, 1913.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. William W. Wedemeyer, a Representative from the State of Michigan.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Mr. Townsend. Mr. President, at the proper time I shall ask that a day be set apart for the purpose of commemorating in a proper manner the character and life of the late Mr. Wedemeyer. I ask at this time for the adoption of the resolutions I send to the desk.

The President pro tempore. The Senator from Michigan submits resolutions for which he asks present consideration.

The resolutions (S. Res. 419) were read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER, late a Representative from the State of Michigan.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Mr. TOWNSEND. Mr. President, I move, as a further mark of esteem and respect, that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 4 o'clock and 55 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until Monday, January 6, 1913, at 12 o'clock meridian.

TUESDAY, *January 14, 1913.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by J. C. South, its Chief Clerk, announced to the Senate that the House had passed a resolution appointing a committee of 15 Members, with such Members of the Senate as may be joined, to attend memorial services for Hon. WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER, late a Representative from the State of Michigan, to be held at Ann Arbor, Mich.

Mr. TOWNSEND. May I ask to have laid before the Senate the resolutions which have just come from the House?

The PRESIDENT pro tempore laid before the Senate the following resolutions of the House of Representatives, which were read:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
January 11, 1913.

Resolved, That a committee of 15 Members of the House, with such Members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend memorial services for Hon. WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER, late a Representative from the State of Michigan, to be held at Ann Arbor, Mich.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of this resolution, and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Mr. TOWNSEND. I offer the following resolution and ask for its immediate consideration.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolution will be read.

The resolution (S. Res. 430) was read, considered by unanimous consent, and agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That a committee of six Senators be appointed by the President pro tempore, to join a committee appointed by the House of Representatives, to attend memorial services for Hon. WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER, late a Representative from the State of Michigan, to be held at Ann Arbor, Mich., on January 26, 1913, at 2 o'clock p. m.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore appointed as the committee on the part of the Senate under the resolution Mr. Townsend, Mr. Smith of Michigan, Mr. Jones, Mr. Kenyon, Mr. Ashurst, and Mr. Pomerene.

TUESDAY, *January 28, 1913.*

Mr. TOWNSEND. I desire to give notice that on Saturday, February 22, I shall ask the Senate to consider resolutions commemorative of the life and public services of Hon. WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER, late a representative from the State of Michigan.

MONDAY, *February 17, 1913.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by J. C. South, its Chief Clerk, transmitted to the Senate resolutions of the House on the life and public services of Hon. WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER, late a Representative from the State of Michigan.

SATURDAY, *February 22, 1913.*

The Senate met at 11 o'clock a. m.

The Chaplain, Rev. Ulysses G. B. Pierce, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the Providence which brings us to this day of holy and patriotic memory. In the light of the great example of him whom Thou wast pleased to make the Father of our Country, we here, with grateful and adoring hearts, consecrate ourselves anew to the service of this Thy people. Receive our offering, we pray Thee, and grant that by Thy grace this may be that happy Nation whose God is the Lord.

O God, who dost commit unto us the swift and solemn charge of life, we thank Thee for the life, the character, and the public service of him whom our lips shall this day name. We can not forget him who labored by our side, who shared our counsels, and who brake with us the bread of life. We honor ourselves, our Father, in honoring him who honored Thee. Despite our loneliness, we are the richer because such have lived. Though his body is buried in peace, his name liveth, and his memory is henceforth safely enshrined in our hearts.

We pray Thee, our heavenly Father, to comfort those to whom this sorrow is most bitter and to whom this loss is most sore. Grant, we humbly pray Thee, that their hearts may evermore be in unbroken communion with his emancipated spirit. Quiet their restless and yearning hearts, until the day of the fuller life shall break and the shadows of our earthly sorrows shall flee away.

In the name of Him who abolished death and brought immortality to life, hear Thou our prayer. Amen.

The Secretary proceeded to read the Journal of yesterday's proceedings, when, on request of Mr. SMOOT and by unanimous consent, the further reading was dispensed with and the Journal was approved.

Mr. TOWNSEND. Mr. President, I ask the Chair to lay before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives on the death of the late Representative WEDEMEYER.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. PAGE in the chair). The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
February 16, 1913.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER, late a Member of this House from the State of Michigan.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his distinguished public career the House, at the conclusion of the memorial exercises of the day, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. TOWNSEND. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Michigan offers resolutions, which will be read.

The resolutions (S. Res. 474) were read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sorrow of the death of the Hon. WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER, late a Member of the House of Representatives from the State of Michigan.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the business of the Senate be suspended in order that proper tribute may be paid to his high character and distinguished public services.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives and to the family of the deceased.

Address of Mr. Townsend, of Michigan

Mr. President: I fear that the custom of memorializing those who die while serving in Congress is coming to be more a perfunctory duty than a sad yet grateful opportunity, but in rising to speak at this time I am deeply impressed with the solemn privilege of expressing to my colleagues and to the friends of the late Congressman William W. Wedemeyer my appreciation of his high character and splendid ability. I realize, however, how futile it is for the mind to attempt to frame and the lips to utter thoughts which would adequately convey the feelings, confused and inexpressible, which overwhelm those who have not yet recovered from the shock of Mr. Wedemeyer's tragic and most distressing death.

Death is not a stranger. He has visited every home. He has knocked, or will knock, at every door, and neither love nor knowledge nor power nor any other thing can bar his entrance. He is no respecter of persons, and the wise and the foolish, the great and the small, the rich and the poor, the famous and the obscure he treats with merciless impartiality. All know this. Every thoughtful person understands that either to-day or to-morrow the grim reaper will call and strike him from the roll of the living, and yet he ever prays for a postponement until to-morrow and tries not to think that to-morrow will come; but it will come.

As we grow older and get more tired we look upon death differently from what we did when we were younger. Then life meant much. The world was big and beautiful. Hope reigned supreme and death was the

end of joy and gladness. In after years, however, when we had come through experience to know that life was a struggle and that its tasks could not be completed in time, we sometimes had longings for rest, and gradually we came to find comfort in the Psalmist's words, "He giveth his beloved sleep."

From the time the first intelligent man looked upon the vacant tenement of his companion until this hour, death has been regarded as a solemn mystery, and yet it is no more mysterious than is life. Who knows the origin of being? Who understands the relations between spirit and matter? Who can explain that strange phenomenon called thought? Every sentient being has a brain which the chemist can analyze, weigh, and measure, but who can discover its workings and find out how it paints pictures, builds houses, explores the stars, finds atoms, dreams dreams, loves, hates? Death itself is but an operation of life. Prior to so-called death we could see but could not understand the phenomena of life, because they were demonstrated through a body with which we were familiar, but death is only a name for that change from the finite to the realm of the infinite. Can we say that birth was the beginning of life, that it did not exist somehow, somewhere, before? Can we say that it does not exist somehow, somewhere, after the body dissolves? The million larvæ in the pond live their lives and one by one they vacate their bodies and leave their native home, the water, and disappear. We know they have been translated into a new world of light and air, but their fellows can not know this; to them the departed are dead.

This little span we call human life does not end with the dissolution of the body. It is brief when measured by earth revolutions, but it is eternity long in comprehension. Redwood trees now growing on the Pacific coast were there when Homer sang, when Socrates taught, when

Alexander fought. They were centuries old on the first Christmas morning, and yet man in his infinitesimal day comprehends all that growth of trees which for 3,000 years have been climbing skyward and resisting the shocks of centuries. Man can read the record of development from swelling seed to giant tree. In a day he comprehends the experience of 30 centuries.

We are told that some of the stars are so far away that if one had been blotted out at the dawn of history its light, traveling with such tremendous velocity, would still be streaming on us, sufficient time not having elapsed for the last ray to reach the earth, and yet in a moment man traverses that appalling space and sees the star that was, but is not. He can pass through the eons of sun-building time and comprehend all from nebula to star.

Can we measure man by years? He is greater than matter, older than time, coexistent with God.

So runs my dream, but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.

Philosophy fails to relieve heartaches caused by death, but the departure of a good man with an untarnished record of honor and helpful usefulness does not leave the mourner so hopeless and miserable as does the going of one who has not contributed to the happiness and betterment of the world, and as we gather on this sad memorial occasion memories of our departed friend excite only beautiful and loving thoughts, for WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER was a good and useful man. For a quarter of a century I knew him intimately and well. I met him first when he was a student in the University of Michigan. He was a poor boy and had to work his way through school. This was a blessed hardship, for it was the experience which develops character and makes men. As

a student he gave promise of the orator which he later became. Few men in Michigan were his equal in presenting a cause to the public, and none surpassed him. He possessed that necessary qualification of the true orator, sincere earnestness, and the later political history of his home county is the record of his triumphs. The cause he championed there seldom failed, and time has disclosed that he was, almost without exception, right. His friendly manner, his open honesty, his superior ability made him a natural leader in political thought and action, and coming from the people he understood them and became their advocate, and they loved and admired him. Few men in Michigan knew more people by name, and all familiarly called him "WEDE."

Soon after leaving the university he became a State character and every county committee of his party in the State besieged the State central committee for his services in every campaign.

He was a Republican in politics and a progressive one. Gov. Pingree was the pioneer of modern political reform, and he selected Mr. WEDEMEYER, then a very young man, as his aid in the office of railroad commissioner. It was during the Pingree administration that Michigan changed her system of railroad taxation from the specific to the ad valorem plan, and Mr. WEDEMEYER was one of the governor's most effective advocates of the change.

He had little more than reached the constitutional age of 25 years when his home friends selected him as their candidate for Congress, and at the convention of 1896 he came within 1 vote of being nominated. In 1902 he was candidate for Congress again and received the unanimous and enthusiastic support of his county. He was twice defeated for the nomination for Congress, but after each defeat he entered the campaign and supported his successful rival with great zeal and ability. He had a happy

faculty for making and keeping friends, and when in 1910 he entered the primaries he had enough admirers in all parts of the district to triumphantly nominate him over his strong and popular three-times opponent, the Hon. Henry C. Smith. At the November election following he was overwhelmingly elected, and he entered upon his congressional career backed by a proud constituency and possessed of high ideals for public service.

In the 10 years I have been in Congress I have met and known nearly a thousand Members and Senators, and I am sure I never knew a man who worked harder and more conscientiously to perform his full duty than did Congressman WEDEMEYER. No citizen of the second congressional district ever appealed to a deaf or careless ear when he wrote to Mr. WEDEMEYER. He accomplished much while in the House, and even his political opponents recognized in him a growing legislator who would soon take a prominent place among the leaders of the American Congress. His was the genius of industry. Every day, every night, he was at work upon matters appertaining to the duties of Congress, and those duties were exacting, frequently they were difficult, and often they were a great drain upon his nervous energy. He took life seriously. No duty came to him that he did not regard important, and somehow it seems to me now that he must have been impressed with the brevity of his time, for he could not consent to put anything off until tomorrow. He must do it at once.

Big in body and mind, he impressed the casual acquaintance as being a great, strong, kindly boy. His spirits seemed high, and his genuine friendliness gave him a welcome everywhere. In whatever place he was he became an active, prominent figure.

As a citizen he had no superior. As a statesman few men in Congress have had a more promising prospect

than was his. As a friend he was loyal to the core. The brightest spot in my memory of him, however, will be his devoted love for his family. He never wearied of telling me of his beautiful children. He carried their little letters to him about in his pocket, and however excited he might get in his conversation with me, he always closed with a joyful incident connected with the little ones. I recall that about the last time I saw him, and after he had dwelt to some extent upon his defeat for Congress last November, I told him that he ought not to feel badly, for with his energy and ability there were bigger and better things for him than a seat in Congress, and that he could be at home with his family more now. He brightened up and the old smile came back, and he exclaimed: "That's right. Don't think that I want to boast of my children, but they are nice youngsters, and I can see more of them hereafter. I'm all right, and have the finest family in the world."

He had a sensitive soul, tuned to the higher, better things of life. He was instinctively honest, and unjust criticism cut him to the heart. He had the keen and quick perception and the attractive personality which made him a natural political leader, but his sensitive mind was easily injured, and the scars showed. With the ambitions of the politician was joined the sensitiveness of a child. He always fought in the open, and against the attacks of an honorable foe he was invincible. He knew how to parry the thrusts of the spear, but he was unskilled in avoiding the stabs of the stiletto.

I still recall the real suffering which he endured when he was flippantly criticized by some newspaper reporter who understood that the mission of the newspaper is to ridicule rather than to strengthen.

It is wicked to be false to a public trust, but it is more wicked to poison the public mind with suspicion about an

honest Representative; and this is not so because of the evil effect upon society alone, but also because of the suffering and the weakness it brings to the faithful servant.

At this time, as I look back over the last few years, I can see that a change was being wrought in Congressman Wedemeyer's mental condition. He lived under continuous excitement. Everything he did was done vigorously. His desire to be right always caused him to weigh all matters, great and small, with rigid exactness, and his fear of making a mistake bred doubts within his mind, and he who contracts the habit of doubting is lost. This is especially true of the legislator who is called upon to decide the many questions upon which honest and intelligent men differ. During the last year he was always fearful of making a mistake, and the destroyer Doubt was doing his work. I can see now that his nervous energy was being depleted and his overworked brain was showing strain. His defeat last November did not cause his death. It may have hastened it a few months, but eventually the effects of a mind diseased would have been fatal.

How much better for his friends and loved ones to remember him as we knew him—strong, vigorous, and complete—than to remain familiar with the splendid body which once was his, but out of which he had gone.

At about 7.30 on the evening of the 2d of January he stood on the deck of the steamship *Panama* and gazed out into the star-gemmed heavens. Who can say what thoughts passed through his mind? Who can tell what he saw and heard besides the stars and the music of the waves? Maybe he saw the light ineffable; maybe he heard the heavenly choir. We know that a moment later he cast into the sea the shell in which his cramped spirit had been confined and soared away to realms eternal.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

Address of Mr. Jones, of Washington

Mr. President: There is a lesson for each of us in the tragic death of William W. Wedemeyer. Earnest, honest, sincere, ambitious, and serving his people well and faithfully, he put forth his utmost endeavor in their behalf and in behalf of the right as he saw it. Anxious to please his people, he was, nevertheless, steadfast to his convictions of right and duty. His action in some instances was not in accord with the views of some of his constituents and thoughtless partisan criticism was launched at him and his motives impugned. This grieved his sensitive nature. So honest and sincere himself, he could not understand why his motives should be questioned by those who did not approve his conduct. He brooded over this injustice, and this doubtless snapped the delicate cord that held reason to its throne and led to his tragic death. If there is one lesson for me and you and all of us to learn, it is to look to the motive behind human action, and if that is good, honest, and pure, all honor is due the man for acting upon it, however much we may differ from him in judgment. Unjust, intemperate, partisan criticism brought pain, sorrow, ruin, and death to a man whose character was spotless, whose purposes were noble and ambitions high. Let us think before we speak or write the word of censure lest we unjustly wound. That man who may search his own acts or words and find in them the arrow that pierced the honest brain of our friend will surely suffer the tortures of hopeless remorse.

My first meeting with Mr. Wedemeyer was the outgrowth of his friendly, sociable nature. I was stopping

at his home city for a day or two when he came and introduced himself, and did what he could to make our stay a pleasant one. Our mutual interest in Alaskan affairs brought us into close contact here. He was a member of the Committee on Territories in the House, and we were both interested in securing local self-government for Alaska. I found him most earnest and active in behalf of this measure, and of everything else that was thought to be beneficial to our citizens in this far-away land. He could not have been more interested in a matter of vital benefit to his own people. He came to the Senate frequently and conferred with me after the bill passed the House, and I came greatly to admire his energy, earnestness, and good judgment. The people of Alaska owe much to this man who worked so faithfully for them and their interest without hope of reward save the approval of his own conscience. His action in this matter illustrated well his character and his idea of his duty as a legislator. He was, indeed, a servant of the people, not only of those of his own district, but of the whole Nation. All of his time, all of his energy, and all of his great ability were given to promote their welfare. He was an ideal public servant.

I have never forgotten the evening I spent with him at a meeting of the railroad employees of the Young Men's Christian Association at the Union Station about a year ago. He radiated good nature and wholesome good fellowship. A giant in stature, a boy in spirit, a man in wisdom and intellectual attainments, he impressed all with his good humor, his strong intellect, and his lofty manhood. He delivered an address that charmed, pleased, and elevated everyone. It was witty, humorous, pathetic, lofty, learned, and inspiring, and fully justified all of the encomiums that have been said of him as an orator. His native ability, his breadth of intellect, his

knowledge gained from books and travel, and his fund of apt and delightful stories, all displayed in a way that charmed and delighted his hearers, proved him to be a public speaker of rare attainment. Publicly and privately he drew you to himself almost unconsciously and made you love him.

It is often said to-day that a young man has no chance, no opportunity to make a name for himself, unless he has money or influence back of him. Let the young man who hears this read the life and achievements of our friend. He was born on a farm in Michigan in 1873. His parents were poor and he had no means. After working at whatever his hands found to do, going to school in the winter, he entered the University of Michigan in 1890. He paid his way by working at whatever he could find to do and living frugally. I was told that he and a friend lived in a garret and did their own work and cooking. He graduated with honor and distinction in 1894. He served in various positions of trust and confidence, and in 1910, at the age of 37 years, was elected to represent his congressional district in what is considered by many as the greatest legislative body in the world.

This brief statement of his life struggles and accomplishments is eloquent with encouragement to our youth. Without means and without influence, except that which always comes to honest toil and faithful endeavor and a steadfast purpose, he attained high distinction in a few short years. In his short life he proved that success and achievement do not depend upon birth or wealth, but largely on industry, thrift, and perseverance. He has left a rich heritage to his loved ones and friends and a brilliant example to our boys, teaching them that the day of opportunity to honest, faithful work has not yet passed.

My acquaintance with him, though brief, is a precious memory and an inspiration. In his death I have lost a

friend, his family a loved husband and father, his country a splendid citizen, an earnest statesman, and a lofty patriot.

He has gone, gone to the higher life beyond. For him the mystery of mysteries is solved. With us his life is a precious heritage beckoning to better things. That he still lives we must not doubt. A character so great and with such promise is surely not so soon ended.

> Said one among them: "Surely not in vain
> My substance of the common earth was ta'en;
> And to this figure molded, to be broke,
> Or trampled back to shapeless earth again."

Address of Mr. Ashurst, of Arizona

Mr. President: The Senate of the United States has not paused in its vast labors and arrested its attention to the public business for the purpose merely of indulging in formal eulogistic remarks upon the character of this deceased Representative. Services of this nature are for the living as well as to honor the memory of the dead. They are for the dead, because the stricken can no longer speak for themselves, and it must depend that friends who remain will see that justice is done to their memory.

They are for the living, because they serve as a monitor to teach how transient, how fleeting, how evanescent are fame, power, riches, and glory.

"Death," said one of the world's wisest men, "hath this also—it openeth the gate to good fame and extinguisheth envy." And that "to praise the dead is held proper, for only after a man is dead will the score of destiny be made even, as in life man is sometimes criticized, therefore in death man may be eulogized." It is not to be inferred that during life he whose memory we honor to-day was criticized, for I do not forget that he was quite generally praised, loved, and respected, and certainly no congressional district ever had a more faithful Representative than Mr. Wedemeyer.

I became acquainted with Mr. Wedemeyer some nine years ago, while in attendance as a student in the University of Michigan, and frequently spent a vagrant hour in his office discussing with him some mooted question of law.

He was well equipped for a congressional career. He was a brilliant and powerful orator and possessed a vast

fund of rich and wholesome humor. He dealt with facts and figures in a charming manner, and could almost arouse an audience to enthusiasm even in discussing an auditor's prosaic report. When I first met him he was in the flush, strength, and pride of young manhood, and he incarnated the poet's lines—

> How beautiful is youth! How bright it gleams,
> With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
> Book of Beginnings, story without end,
> Each maid a heroine and each man a friend!
> Aladdin's Lamp, and Fortunatus' Purse,
> That holds the treasures of the universe!
> All possibilities are in its hands;
> No danger daunts it and no foe withstands;
> In its sublime audacity of faith,
> "Be thou removed," it to the mountain saith,
> And with ambitious feet secure and proud,
> Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud.

The news of his tragic death was especially shocking to all who knew him, for none suspected that his health had been impaired to the serious extent that was disclosed by information which subsequently came to light.

This public servant literally worked himself to death in honorable labor in behalf of his constituents.

He represented a proud constituency, a district long and ably represented by the present distinguished junior Senator from Michigan [Mr. Townsend], and in Mr. WEDEMEYER's ardent desire to measure fully up to the high standard of excellence set by his predecessor he did that which many new Members of Congress do when they become impatient with the periphrasis, circumlocution, prolixity, and delay which characterizes proceedings in Congress and the various departments of government—allowed himself no holiday, no moment of relaxation, no respite from work. This intense application to duty, with no playful interludes, reduced his vitality to a low ebb,

while the heat, conflict, and tumult of the last election wore his strength away; and thus with his vitality reduced, with his nervous energy exhausted, the silver cord did not snap and break, but unraveled and fell to pieces, and he entered into that wide penumbra which lies between the sunlight of reason and the baleful shadow of insanity—that wide penumbra, Mr. President, in which there walk at times more men than the world suspects, as—

> Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
> And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

Hoping to regain his health and strength he sailed to Panama, but found no relief, for returning home, and while about 10 leagues out of the harbor of Colon, after sunset, pacing the deck of the steamer, he looked out upon the heaving billows, which the twilight of an early evening seemed to sow with orient pearl, looking down into the waters he saw reflected the quenchless stars and their shining trains, which had resumed for another night their eternal vigils of the sky; he saw mirrored within the waters the "floor of heaven thick inlaid with patines of bright gold." And our sick and weary friend, momentarily believing he saw a radiant place of refuge and of rest, where his heart would not be harassed, plunged himself instead into the airless meadows of the mysterious deep.

We know he suffered much, but let us believe his pangs are over; let us believe that the ocean's healing waters relieved his troubled brow, cooled his heated and accelerated pulse, and that "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

It is not given to mortal eyes to gaze upon the invisible, or to know the inscrutable, and thus the most vital problem of all, the problem of our own existence and our own death, is the one which is the most difficult for finite

minds to try to understand. Faith alone vouchsafes a reply, for in the innermost sanctuary of every soul faith gives the assurance that after we shall have crossed what we call the frontier of the dark kingdom we shall find death is not a wall, but a door to a larger and more useful life. One of the most helpful and hopeful sentiments to be found in all our literature is the stanza from Bryant's Ode to a Waterfowl:

> He who, from zone to zone,
> Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
> In the long way that I must tread alone,
> Will lead my steps aright.

Address of Mr. Kern, of Indiana

Mr. President: My acquaintance with William W. Wedemeyer was comparatively short, but rather intimate than otherwise. During his term of service here we lived at the same hotel, and as he represented the district and resided in the city in which my alma mater, the University of Michigan, is situate, we found many subjects which we could discuss with mutual interest.

Of course, the marvelous growth and development of the great university, the personnel of the faculty, the mighty changes wrought by the lapse of years, and the great success attained by the alumni of that institution, scattered as they are throughout the Republic, were the subjects most frequently discussed, but on many occasions he sketched the story of his life and gave me glimpses of his hopes and aspirations.

Mr. Wedemeyer took degrees in both the literary and law departments, and was deeply interested in everything pertaining to the university and always active in every movement looking to the advancement of its interests, and in return he received in a marked degree the appreciative confidence of the regents and the faculty.

Less than a year ago it was my privilege to attend a large meeting of the Alumni Association of the Mississippi Valley, held at St. Louis. That meeting was attended by the president of the university, the deans of the several faculties, and a number of other gentlemen prominently identified with that institution. All these men manifested the greatest interest in Mr. Wedemeyer's career and expressed their highest appreciation of his services as Congressman and his loyalty at all times to his

alma mater. They were proud of his accomplishments, and pointed to his career as illustrating the possibilities which are within the grasp of all young Americans who, with such energy as he possessed and such earnestness as he manifested, avail themselves of the opportunities that are presented to them on every hand.

William W. Wedemeyer was born on a farm not far from Ann Arbor. His parents were sturdy German people, who with many others of that nationality had settled in that county years before and had contributed largely to the development of that part of the country.

There was not much in the monotonous life of a German farmer's boy to encourage him in his desire for education and his ambition to occupy a higher and better position in society than his parents with their limited opportunities could hope to occupy; but the great educational institutions in his immediate vicinity, and the presence of the thousands of young men from every part of the Union whom he saw thronging the streets every time he came to his county-seat city of Ann Arbor with his marketing from the farm, gave him inspiration for the effort to secure for himself the education he so much desired.

Surely, the surroundings there were inspiring. Here in this county seat was the greatest university in the mighty West, attended annually by thousands of young men hailing not only from every State but every country in the civilized world. Here in the same town was the splendid high school in which so many sons of Michigan and adjacent States had been prepared for admission to the university. Here, too, in the same county—only a few miles away at Ypsilanti—was the great normal school of the State, also attended by thousands of young men and women who were preparing themselves for the noble profession of teaching. It is not strange that with these sur-

roundings young WEDEMEYER should have been fired with that laudable sort of ambition which took him from the farm and led him into a field where he might prepare for a life of greater usefulness and lay broad and deep the foundations for that career in which in so short a time he achieved distinction.

But it is not my purpose to speak of the achievements of his public life nor of his many victories over adverse circumstances as he struggled on from year to year to the attainment of the success which finally crowned his efforts, but rather of his devotion to wife and children—of the discharge of his obligations as a husband and father.

During his term of service here I saw him every day in the company of his charming wife and three little children—one sturdy boy and two beautiful daughters. I could not fail to observe the affectionate interest with which he regarded them and the tender solicitude he always manifested concerning their welfare and happiness.

Everyone who knew of his devotion to this delightful little family and of the great love he bore them will sympathize deeply with them in this great calamity which has deprived them of that wealth of affection which he bestowed upon them, and of his aid, counsel, and support through that period of dependence and helplessness in which children most need a father's loving care.

While their loss is irreparable, their future lives will be blessed by the memories they will have of the sweet companionship of a father who has left to them the priceless heritage of a blameless life and an example of courage and energy which, followed by them, will carry them safely over every obstacle and enable them to achieve the same success which crowned his career.

Address of Mr. Smith, of Michigan

Mr. President: To epitomize the life and character of one who had become very dear is indeed a difficult task when his death, so tragic and unexpected, has left such a void. But the eloquent words of the Senators who have preceded me and the brilliant, just, generous, and fitting tribute of my honored colleague make my task a very simple one.

Mr. Wedemeyer had been my warm personal friend from his young manhood. I had been associated with him under circumstances so delightful and had learned to love him so much that his loss came with telling effect upon me.

When the ambition of his life had been realized and he was accorded a place in the House of Representatives, all his friends throughout our Commonwealth looked forward with confident expectation to a career of unusual brilliancy, honor, and achievement. Brief though that career was, there have been few men in public service who have left a stronger impression upon their associates or accomplished more in real constructive legislation than the man whose memory we honor to-day.

He was young in years; he was strong and vigorous in mind and body, possessing those rare qualities that attracted and held him in close communion with his friends. The congressional district that he represented was greatly honored by his service, while his personal friends could be numbered by thousands in every walk of life, a rare tribute to his magnetic genius and his attractiveness as a man.

His colleagues from Michigan looked forward with confidence to a continuance of his public service in this

Capitol. His defeat was not personal and cast no stigma upon him. In the recent election he ran far ahead of the candidates upon his ticket, and, indeed, his candidacy greatly strengthened the party to which he belonged.

He was a man of unusual talent, and had the rare faculty of seeing clearly and distinctly the path of highest duty, and when convinced of his course nothing could influence or dissuade him to turn aside or falter in its performance.

Something has been said about his interest in Alaskan affairs. I know full well how deeply he was concerned in all the legislation intended to relieve those sturdy people in that distant Territory. Often he has come to me in this Chamber and urged that those people might have the right of self-government, and we worked together in the accomplishment of that result. When the bill was passed his happiness was unrestrained.

He was deeply interested in the Territorial bill before he entered Congress, and as I see my honored friend from Arizona [Mr. Ashurst] across the aisle I am again reminded of that contest in which our beloved friend was deeply concerned.

Mr. President, our friend has gone. We are overwhelmed by the catastrophe which ended a life of such singular usefulness. I do not pretend to comprehend it. I know that he had much to live for. He was rarely blessed in his home circle and devoted to his wife and children. His companions in life sympathized in his every aspiration. He had climbed the ladder from humble beginning without aid and had made for himself an enviable place in his Commonwealth and in his country.

His death cast a gloom over our entire State. Its darkness refuses to be dispelled. We hope it is for the best, but many of us can not understand why such a tragedy should have befallen our friend in the very vigor of his

young manhood and at the time of his greatest usefulness to the State.

After the Battle of Lodi it is said that the soldiers of Napoleon noticed that his eyes were closed and that, overcome with the exactions and the labors of the day, he had fallen asleep upon the field. Those nearest to him formed a hollow square about him and stood with patient vigil until rest opened his tired eyes. In this awful calamity those who knew and loved our friend, inspired by his memory, have formed a hollow square about his loved ones and will guard with earnest vigil the fatherless little children and the stricken widow in her woe.

I love to think of WEDEMEYER; of his happy, cheerful, beautiful affection for his friends; of his loyalty and love for those who were dependent upon him; of the charm and grace of his manner; and the purity of his private and public life.

Mr. President, I offer the resolution which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolution will be read:

The Secretary read the resolution (S. Res. 475), as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of Mr. Rayner, Mr. Utter, and Mr. WEDEMEYER the Senate do now adjourn.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to; and (at 4 o'clock and 20 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until Monday, February 24, 1913, at 10 o'clock a. m.

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